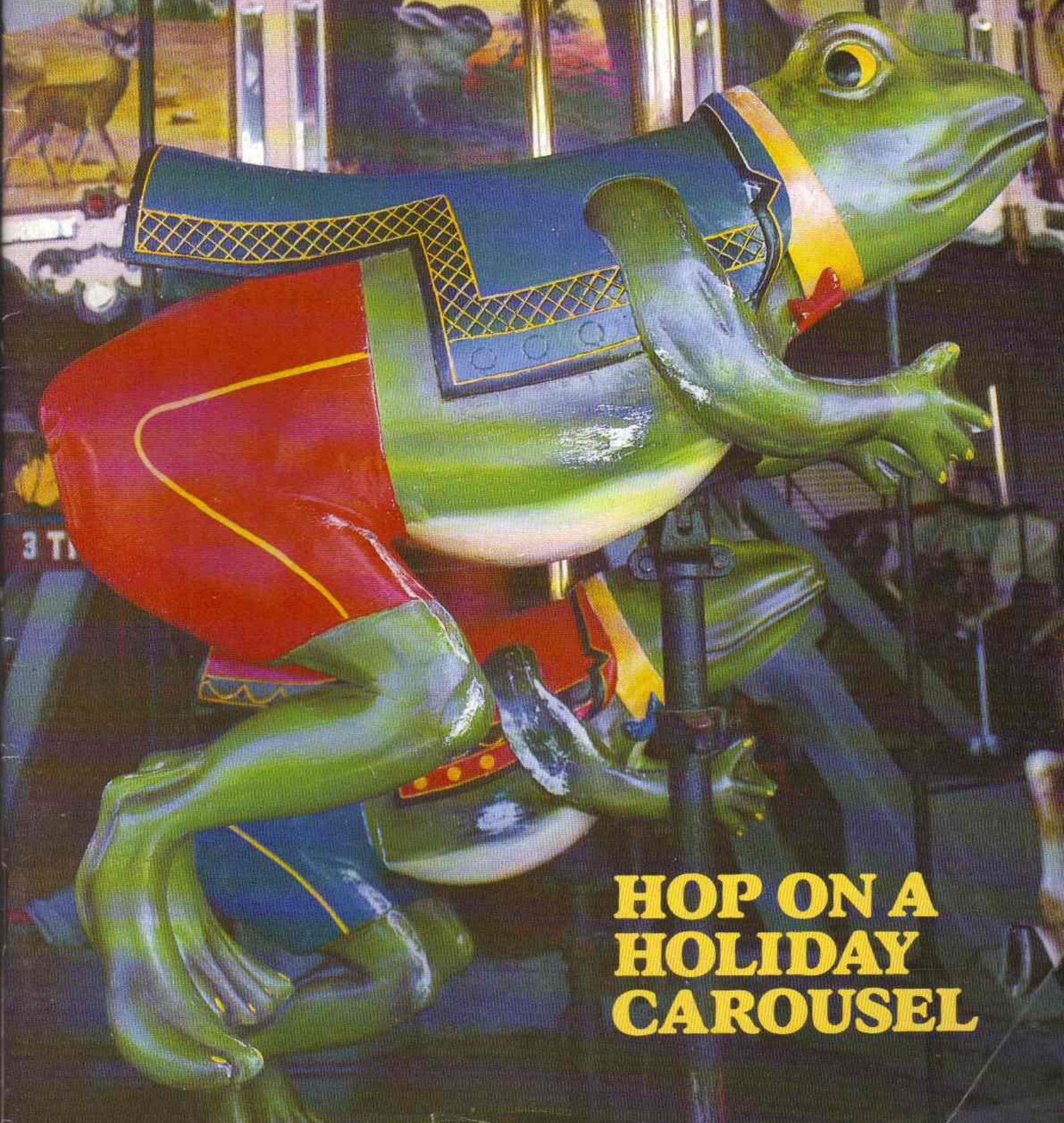


Ranger Rick

National Wildlife Federation

December 1988

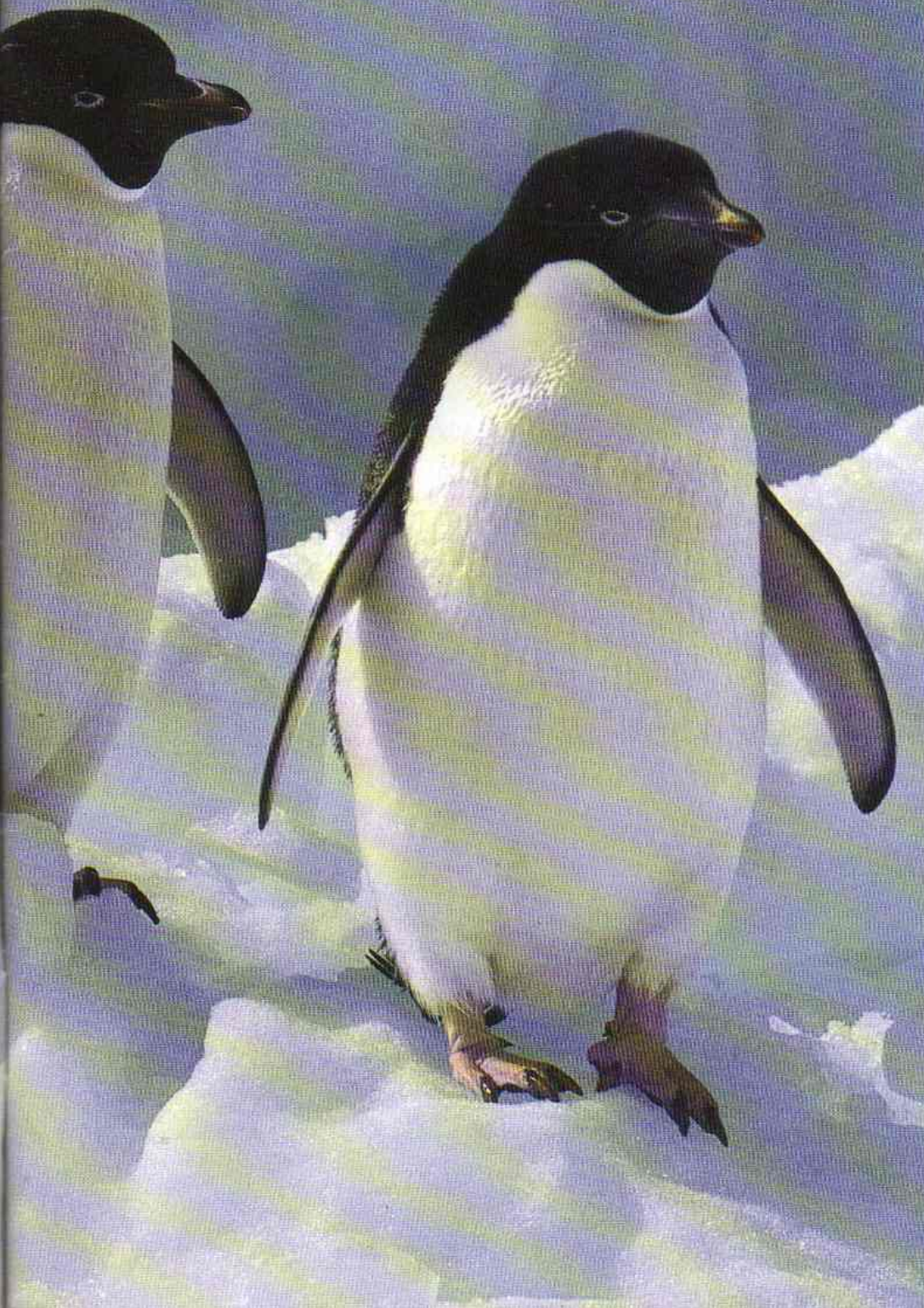


**HOP ON A
HOLIDAY
CAROUSEL**

“Where’s the party?” these Adélie (uh-DAY-lee) penguins seem to be asking each other. They’re all dressed up in waterproof coats made of feathers. These coats keep the penguins warm in their cold Antarctic home. For more about animals that live in icy places, turn to page 38.



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Ranger Rick (ISSN 0738-6556) is published monthly by the National Wildlife Federation, a nonprofit corporation, 8925 Leesburg Pike, Vienna, VA 22184-0001. Second class postage paid at Vienna, VA, and at additional mailing offices. Printed by Holladay-Tyler Printing Corporation, Rockville, MD 20852-1616. **Ranger Rick** is a publication available only to members of Ranger Rick's Nature Club; annual dues: \$14.00. Add \$8.00 for address outside United States. **Ranger Rick** is reproduced on "Talking Books" by the Library of Congress and distributed free by regional libraries. **Change of address:** Allow six weeks for change to take effect; send both new and old addresses to **Ranger Rick**, Membership Services, 8925 Leesburg Pike, Vienna, VA 22184-0001.

Federation offices: Article proposals, art, photographs, and readers' letters should be sent to **Ranger Rick**, 8925 Leesburg Pike, Vienna, VA 22184-0001. (Unsolicited editorial material, for which the publisher assumes no responsibility, must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.) All other correspondence should be directed to the National Wildlife Federation at the above address.

RANGER RICK®

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RANGER RICK magazine has won many honors, including the EDPRESS Golden Lamp Award for excellence in educational journalism.



COME RIDE THE CAROUSEL

by Sallie Luther

With lights winking and twinkling, bells jingling and jangling, *oom-pah-pah* music pouring out, the old wooden carousel starts its magic. Rearing horses and prancing zebras, roaring lions and soaring roosters, hopping hares and leaping frogs rise and fall in rhythm. Up and down and all around, you're riding the carousel! And it's a ride that people have been taking for hundreds of years.

The first carousels may have been no more than seats slung from ropes that were tied to tall poles. But the rides got fancier and fancier. Platforms were added with hand-carved wooden animals. Bright colors gave the rides a rainbow look.

Seabreeze Park, Rochester, NY



It's wonderful fun to ride the old wooden "merry-go-rounds" (left). Every detail, like the bird or beast above, was hand carved with care.

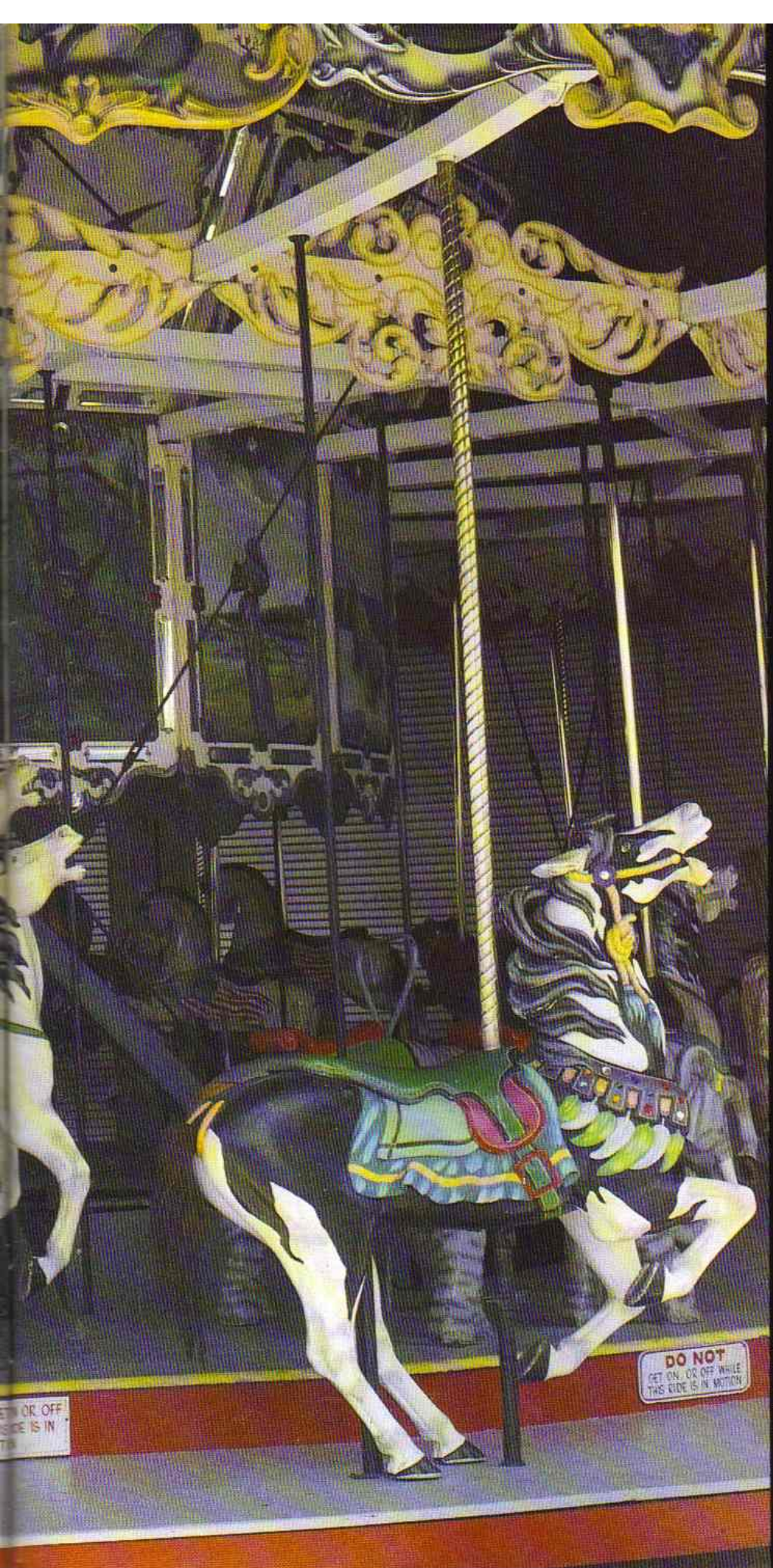
Then, in the late 1700s in Europe, carousels caught on big. Even lords and ladies whirled and swirled on carousels, which by now were also called *roundabouts*, *gallopers*, or *carry-us-alls*.

At first most carousel animals just stood in place. A few rolled back and forth on rockers. Others hung and swung from chains on long arms. The rides were powered by people or horses, who pulled or pushed them round and round.

When steam-powered engines came along in 1870, the beautiful animals could bound up and down. And the platforms could spin faster and faster. Carousels became the very first "thrill" rides!

Photos by Doris Gehrig Barker





Most carousel animals were horses. Others were called *menagerie* (muh-NAJ-uh-ree) animals. The animals' sides facing out were fanciest.

MORE MERRY MAGIC

Carousel-mania broke out in North America around 1880. People had begun to spend a lot of time at the new "amusement parks." And the carousel, or *merry-go-round*, quickly became Number One for fun.

What made carousels so popular? Probably the same things that work today—the music, the movement, and the magic!

A carousel can carry you anywhere your imagination wants to go. You can scramble up on your charger and ride off to slay a dragon—just like a knight in days gone by. You can climb on a creature from a faraway land, close your eyes, and it whisks you there. You can sit in a chariot pulled by slithering sea serpents or ride a storybook character. Or, best of all, you can mount a painted pony and gallop after a dream—round and round on the old carousel.

(Continued on page 10)

Myrtle Beach, SC

DO NOT
GET ON, OR OFF WHILE
THIS RIDE IS IN MOTION

GET ON, OR OFF
WHILE THIS RIDE IS IN
MOTION

Lions, like the fellow below, came one to a carousel. This lion is a *stander*, carved with all feet on the ground. Standers were always placed on the outer row.



From the Rochester Museum & Science Center exhibition, "Once Upon a Carousel," featuring the Wallace Krapf Collection



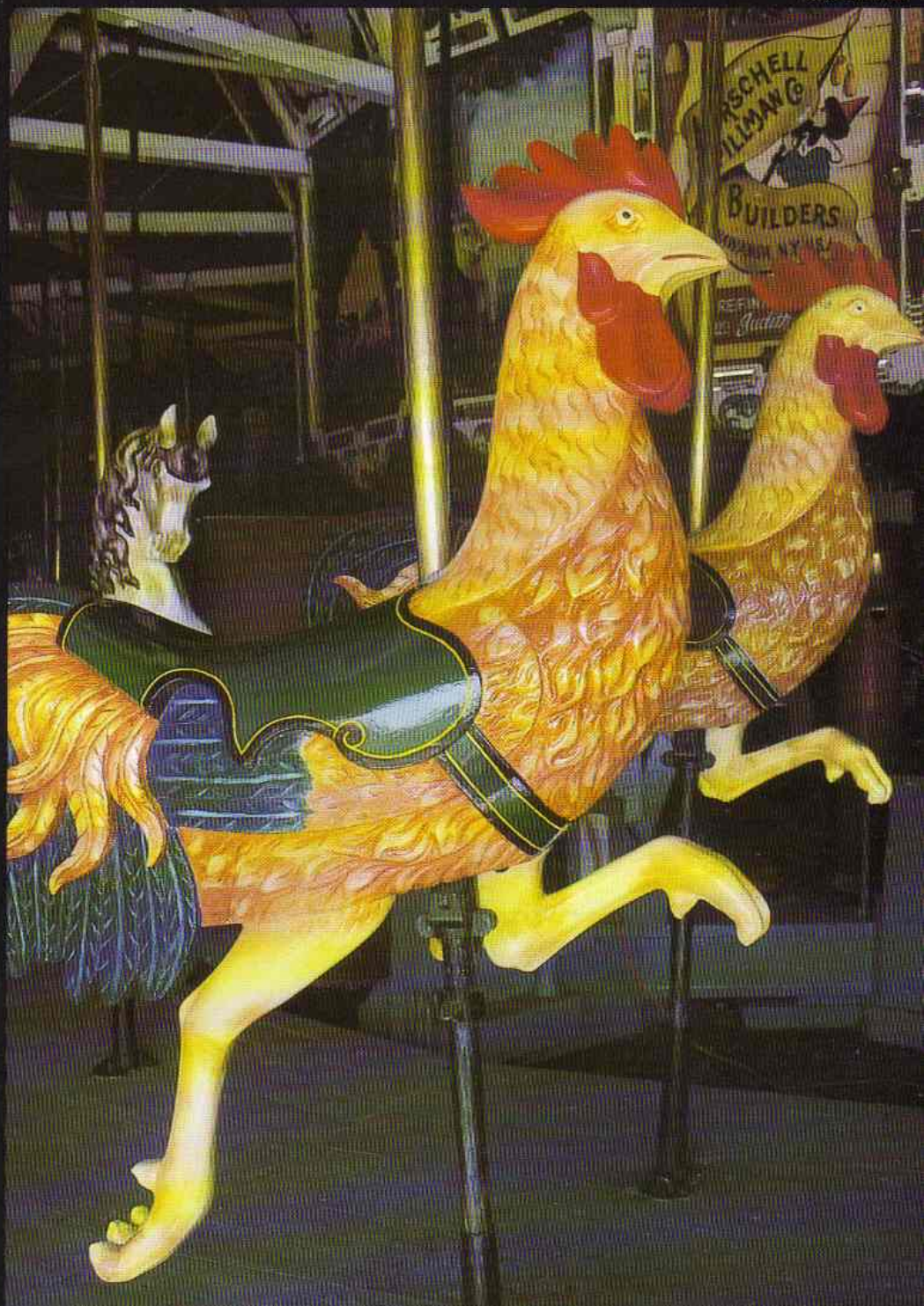
With all its feet up off the ground, the rabbit above is a *jumper* (what else?). Machinery made the jumpers move up and down in the inner rows.

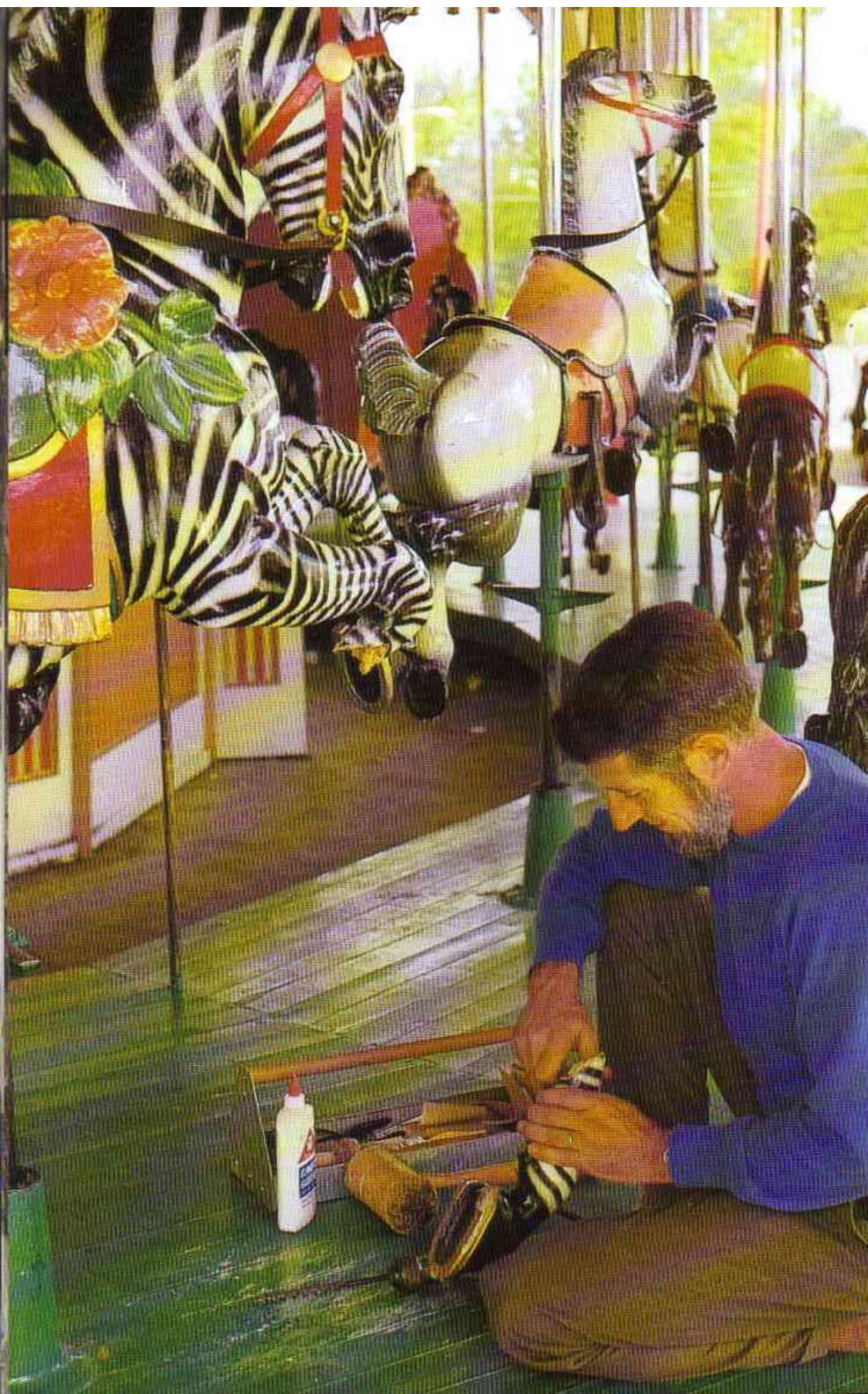


Ontario Beach Park, Rochester, NY

Some feet up and some feet down made an animal a *prancer*. Barnyard animals, like the roosters below, were fairly rare on American carousels.

Myrtle Beach, SC





No vet needs to fix this zebra's foot. A bit of glue will do. People all over are riding carousels again—and working to keep them spinning.

CAROUSEL COMEBACK

From 1880 through the 1920s, around 3000 wooden carousels with hand-carved animals were built for use in North America. Then times changed and interest in the big carousels faded.

Years rolled by. Many small carousels with metal or fiberglass animals were made and kept going. But it seemed like the end for the grand old rides. By the late 1960s, barely 300 were left.

But time turned round again, and interest in the old wooden carousels has popped back up. Some people want to take them apart and sell the separate sections. One hand-carved wooden animal, for example, sold for \$57,000.

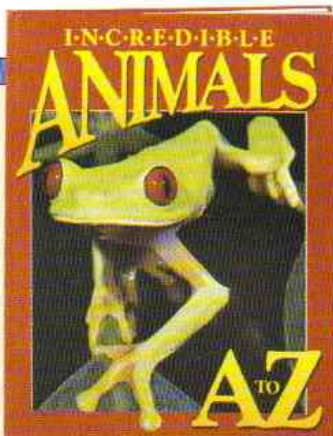
Other people (and many museums) want to keep the carousels together—and set them spinning again.

That takes a *lot* of work and money. But some carousels *are* coming back to life! The band organs pump out *oom-pah-pahs*. Crowds of kids race for their favorite ride. Horses seem to snort and lions seem to roar as the platform starts its spin. If the animals could talk, they'd be happy. Their go-rounds are merry once more! 🐾

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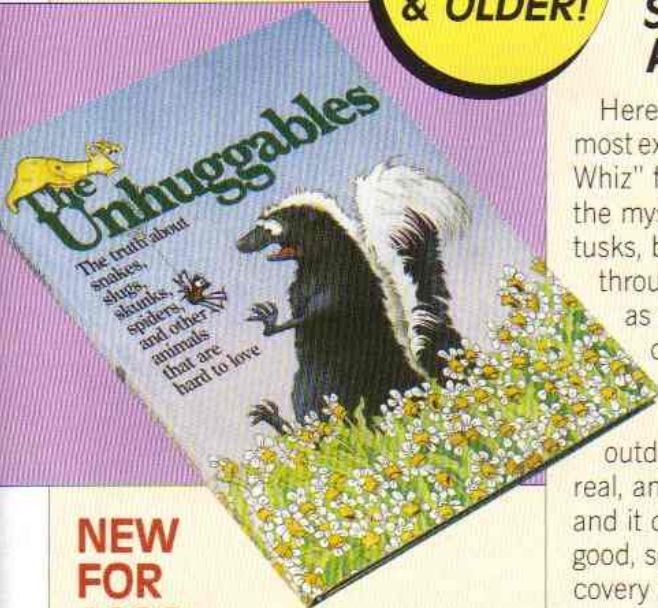
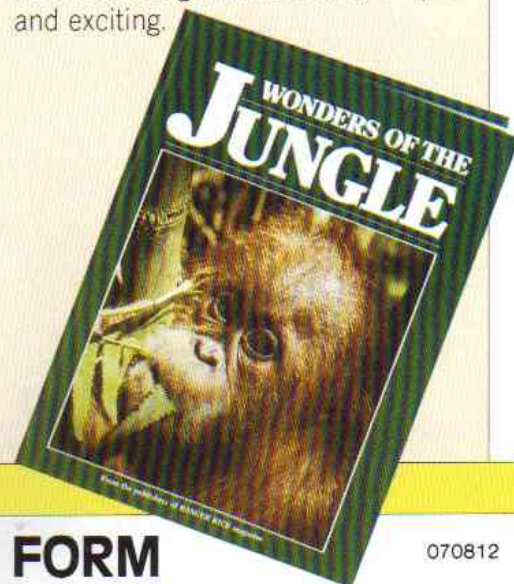
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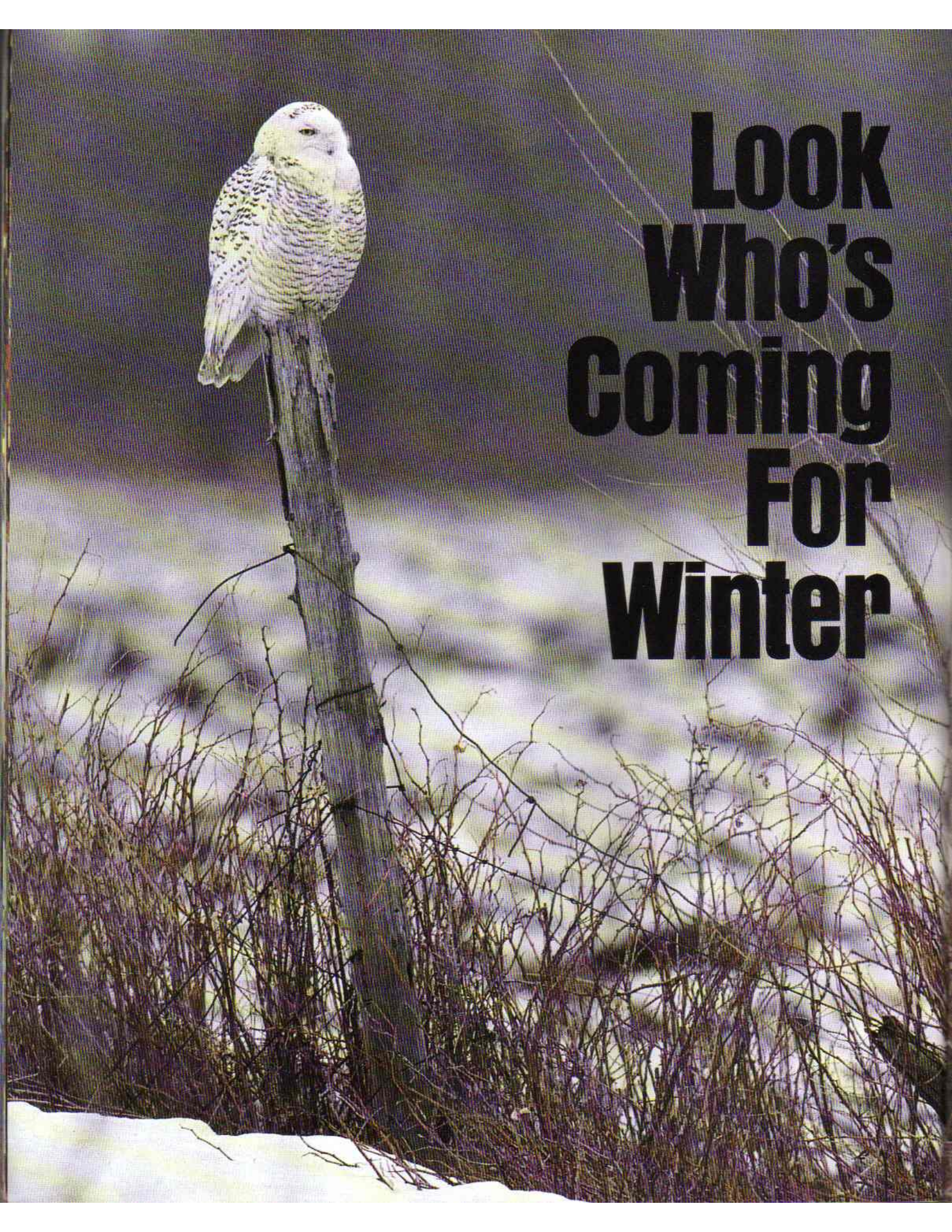
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A photograph of a snowbird, likely a Chukar Gull, perched on a weathered wooden post. The bird has white plumage with dark, mottled spots on its back and wings. It is facing right. The background is a blurred, snowy landscape with bare, dark branches in the foreground. The overall tone is cold and wintry.

Look Who's Coming For Winter

by Claire Miller

You may have heard that birds fly south to warmer lands in fall. If you live in the southern part of the United States, you've probably seen some of these birds in winter.

But did you know that even if you live in a cold and snowy northern state, some birds fly south to where *you* live? They come from their nesting places farther north where it's even colder and snowier. You can see these special birds *only* in winter . . . but you have to know where to look for them.

Start by thinking about where *you* would go to find food if you were a hungry wild bird. Did a bird feeder pop into your mind? Not a bad idea. Some birds visit feeders in your area only in winter.

But there are other places to see some "winter-only" birds. Pack your binoculars and a

bird book if you have them. Put on boots and plenty of warm clothes. Then find an older friend or grown-up who wants to go on a wintery bird hunt.

Off to a Field

"Stop the car—there's an owl on that fence post!" That's what you might shout if you saw this *snowy owl* (**photo at left**) looking over a field.

Seeing snowy owls in winter is a special treat. They nest way up in the Arctic. But they fly down as far as the northern states in winter.

Snowy owls aren't the only birds of prey that perch on good sitting spots in fields. Be on the lookout for hawks and other owls too.

This *snow bunting* (**below**) is sitting all by itself. But often when you see little birds in fields, they are in fluttery

LOOK IN OPEN FIELDS



Photos by Jeff Lepore/Photo Researchers; Rod Planck/Tom Stack & Assoc.

SEARCH THE WOODS



of the best places to find birds. These needle-covered trees protect the birds from the cold. They're also a good place for birds to find food. But keep your eyes and ears wide open: Birds can really hide in the thick branches, especially when it snows.

Pine grosbeaks (left) and red breasted nuthatches (below) use their beaks to pry seeds out of cones. Grosbeaks also eat a lot of seeds from other trees, and nuthatches creep down tree trunks, searching for tiny insects and eggs hidden in the bark.

You might see a bird that seems unusually tame. It may have come from a lonely wilderness up North, where it



flocks. They come to eat wild-flower seeds and leftover grain. Look carefully at each flock with your binoculars. You may find some birds you would never see in summer.

Among the Trees

One good reason to search in the woods in winter is that you can see birds much better when the trees aren't covered with leaves. Look for trees with berries or seeds, and before long you might see a hungry bird appear. This *bohemian waxwing (left)* has just flown in from its summer home in Alaska. It will probably stay around as long as there are berries to eat.

An evergreen woods is one



Photos by Wayne Lankinen/Valan Photos; Wayne Lankinen; Gregory K. Scott

never learned to be afraid of people. Or maybe it's working so hard at finding food that other things don't bother it. Move slowly and you may get a good close-up look at it.

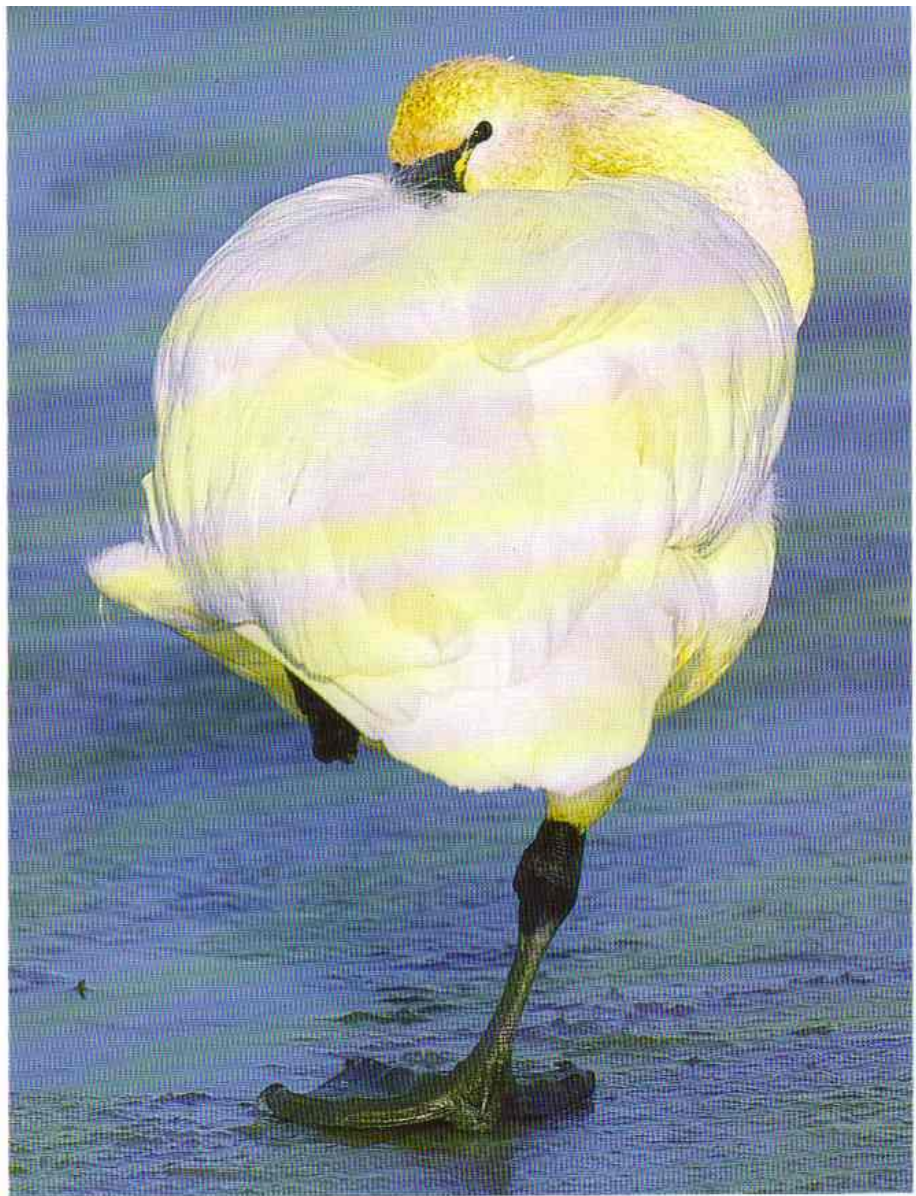
Near the Water

One of the best places to see *big* birds in winter is near water. This male *ring-necked duck* (**below right**) has flown to an unfrozen lake where he can find food in winter. This *tundra swan* (**right**) is keeping an eye out for trouble as it rests with one foot on the ice and the other tucked up in its belly feathers. There may be some open water nearby where it can find food. If not, it will soon fly farther south.

Ponds and lakes freeze early in northern Canada. Geese, ducks, and other big birds try to stay one jump ahead of the lakes as they freeze. They move south to unfrozen water where they can find food—perhaps to a pond near you!

Where to Get Help

To find out about the birds that come to *your* area, visit or call a nature center or a local birding group. (Ask a librarian to help you find one.) Remember, the birds we've shown here are just a few of the many kinds of winter-only birds that you might find in snowy places. 🦆



Photos by Thomas Kitchin/Valan Photos; Leonard Lee Rue III

EXPLORE PONDS AND MARSHES



*What's Red
and Green
and Wet
All Over?*





This colorful *sea anemone* (uh-NEM-uh-nee) looks like Christmas all year round!

The anemone is an ocean animal that usually sits in one place and catches prey with its fingerlike *tentacles*. These tentacles surround the anemone's mouth and are loaded with thousands of tiny, poisonous darts. The darts sting and paralyze almost any small animal that touches them. Then the tentacles push the animal into the anemone's mouth.

But what about the two orange *clownfish* living with this anemone? Are they about to become its next seafood supper? No, clownfish have a coat of slime that keeps an anemone from stinging them. So they can live among the waving tentacles, safe from enemies that don't dare come too near.

—Kathy Walsh

by Carole Forman

A plant as a friend? Sounds dumb, doesn't it? But plants can make wonderful friends . . . and pets, too! Like animals, plants come in different sizes, shapes, and colors. But *unlike* animals, plants are clean and quiet. They don't cost much to feed, and they never get into trouble.

I got my first pet plant for Christmas three years ago. I named it Oscar, even though I know most plants aren't a "him" or a "her." Oscar was just a little vine when I got him, with six heart-shaped leaves. He wasn't even as long as a loaf of bread! But now he is longer than my sofa, and he has dozens of beautiful leaves. Oscar's scientific name is *Philodendron scandens* (FILL-uh-DEN-drun SKAN-denz). And he is easy to take care of.

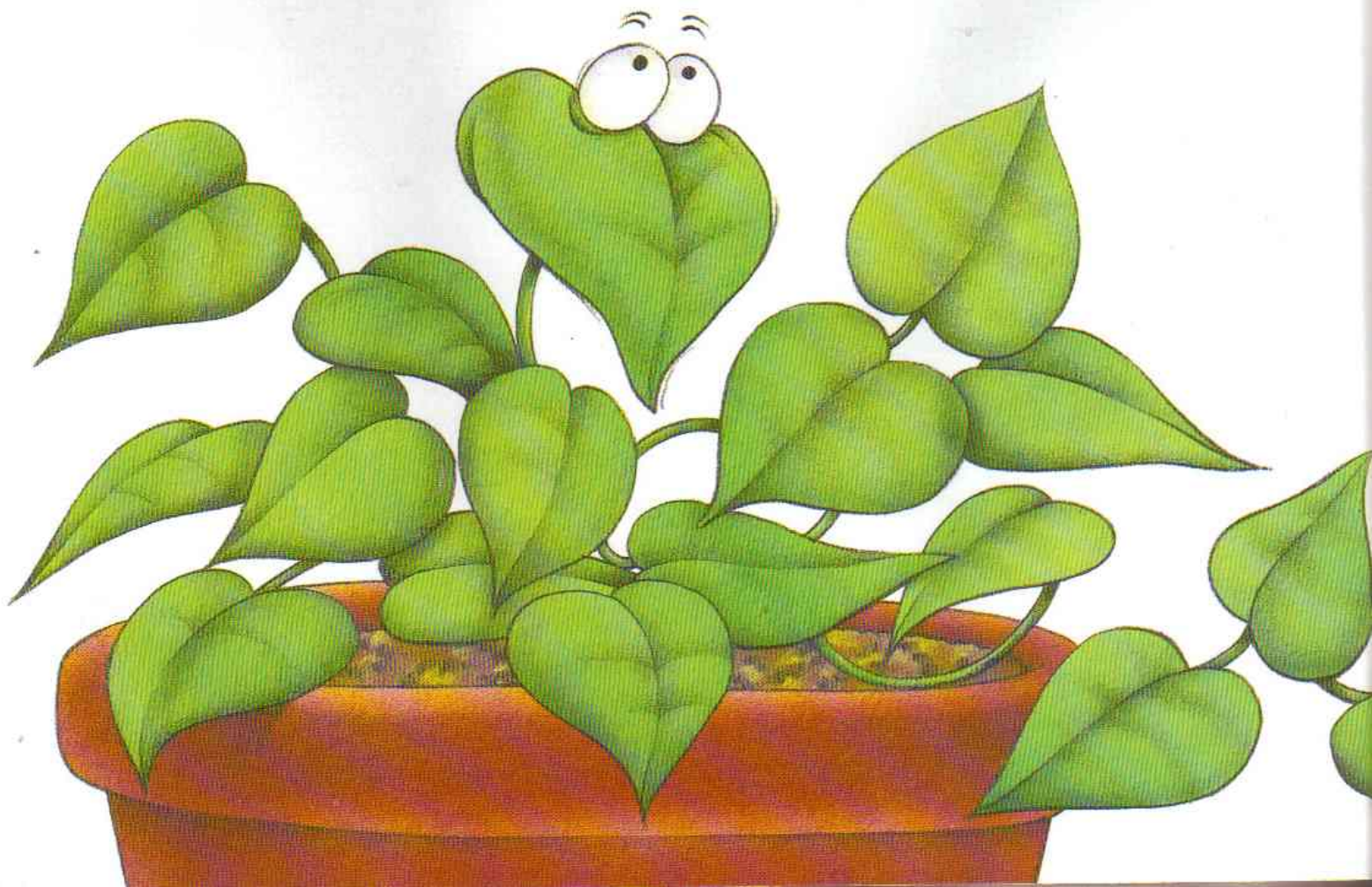
Like most plants, Oscar makes his own food from water, sunlight, and carbon dioxide. (Carbon dioxide is what we breathe

out of our lungs.) Different plants need different amounts of water and sunlight to stay healthy. Oscar seems to get along fine on a little sunlight and small drinks of water.

I check on Oscar about every three days. Of course he won't dry up and wither away to nothing if I forget him now and then. But I really *like* taking care of my pet. If the top of his soil looks dry, I stick my finger into it carefully. I don't want to break any of Oscar's roots, because he uses them to take in water and minerals from the soil. The minerals help him make his food. If Oscar's soil feels dry about half an inch down, I

pour water slowly onto it. When I see water running out of the little holes in the bottom of his pot, I stop watering. Then I know that the water has wet his soil all the way through. And that is all the water Oscar needs to "drink."

My Friend OSCAR



SQUIRT, SQUIRT

Once a week I give Oscar a “shower” by squirting him all over with a spray bottle filled with water. This helps wash dust and insects off Oscar’s leaves. Plants like Oscar take in air through tiny holes on their leaves’ surfaces. If his leaves get too dusty, it “slows down the action.”

Clean leaves also let Oscar take in light. He needs the light to help him make food. So if Oscar is *really* dusty, I give him a “bath” by wiping his leaves off with a soft, wet cloth.

SNIP, SNIP

In fall and spring, Oscar gets a “haircut.” I cut off any of his stems that have grown too long and scraggly. It doesn’t hurt him, and I can make new plants out of these *cuttings*. I just stick them in water so they can sprout tiny white roots. Then when the roots are a few inches long, I plant the cuttings in their own little pots. Sometimes I pretend that these are Oscar’s “children.” I make up silly names for them or name them after famous people. Then I pretend we’re all one big happy plant family.

CHOMP, CHOMP

It’s a pretty good idea to keep an eye on pet plants. They’re not going to get up and run away or anything like that. But if I see any of Oscar’s leaves drooping, or getting yellow or brown, or turning a wimpy green, I know something’s wrong. He may be getting too much or too little sun, or too much or too little water. He might even need a little fertilizer to perk him up. So I check in a plant book or call a plant shop to find out how to take better care of him.

Sometimes, though, Oscar is attacked by what my younger brother calls “bad buggies.” Those are insect pests that chew or suck on

house plants. I carefully turn Oscar’s leaves this way and that, and I examine his stems closely. If I find tiny black dots, fuzzy white ones, or other signs of insects, I wash him off with a little soapy water. (I don’t like using poisonous sprays.)

HOME SWEET HOME

Oscar and his children don’t need fancy “houses” to live in. I often use clay or plastic plant pots, but the bottom halves of milk cartons work just as well. Since a plant pot should have holes in its bottom, I punch a few with a pencil. Then I set the carton on a saucer. That way extra water can run out and not make a mess.

If I decide to use a plant pot that can’t or doesn’t have holes punched in it, then I put a layer of small pebbles in its bottom. That helps keep the plant’s roots from sitting in water all the time and “drowning.”

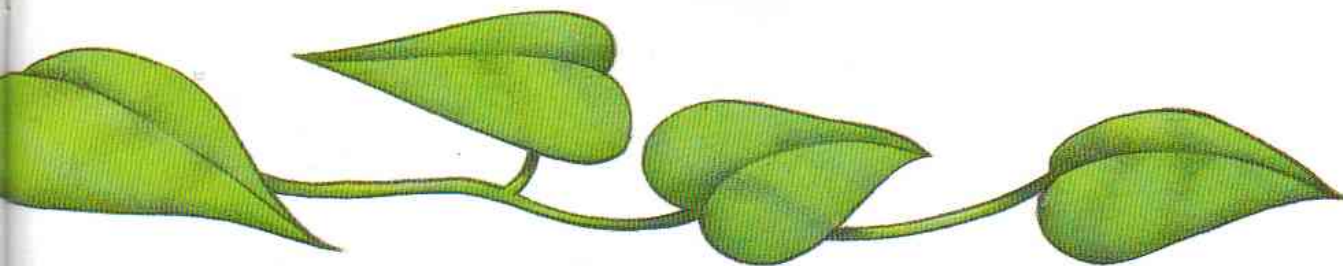
Next I fill my little plant homes with *potting soil*. (You can buy it almost anywhere.) I add Oscar’s children, and my pets get growing. Sometimes I even give them to my friends so *they* can have pet plants too.

NEW PET? YOU BET!

I’ve had a lot of fun with Oscar and his children. They’re great listeners, and they *never* tell my secrets. They’re also great climbers. Oscar has stretched himself across my bookshelf and now he’s headed up over my window. And his children move too. I turn their pots so their leaves face away from the sunlight—and in a few days they turn their leaves right back again!

I think everyone could have fun with a plant for a pet. And I think I’ll “branch out,” if you’ll excuse the joke. I think I’ll get an “animal” plant next time. Let’s see, there’s the snake plant, the spider plant. . . . 🐾

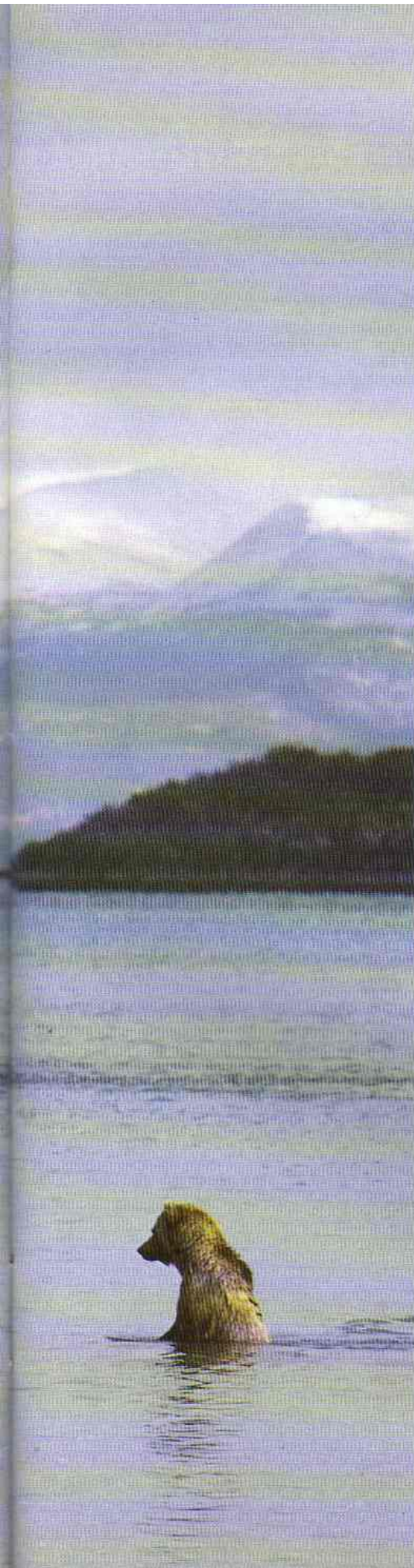
Drawing by Pidgeon





Nuka's First Winter in **GRIZZLY COUNTRY**

by John Weaver; photos by Johnny Johnson



Cold weather was on the way, and a grizzly cub named Nuka was getting ready by getting fat. He ate and ate and ate some more—until he couldn't swallow another piece of salmon!

A mother grizzly bear stood still as a stump in the shallow waters of Naknek Lake. (See photo at left.) It was a cold October day in Alaska, and a wintery wind made little ripples on the water. She waited, then grabbed a fish as it floated by. There were plenty of slow-swimming salmon like this one to grab, so fishing was easy.

For the past two weeks, the mother grizzly had been feasting on the fish at Naknek Lake and feeding some to Nuka, her seven-month-old cub. They ate and ate and gained a lot of weight. For bears, this was good. They would need the extra fat to survive the long winter in their den.

Now the clouds were gathering above the mountains. The mother grizzly could smell a winter storm coming. And by the next morning, wet snow covered the land.

Again Nuka waited on the shoreline while his mother returned to the water. Before long she grabbed a salmon in her mouth and waded back to shore. There she shared the prize with Nuka (**above**).

The mother grizzly caught several more fish until both bears had eaten their fill. Then Nuka wandered off to explore the shore, and his mother followed close behind. Soon bald eagles and ravens came to fight over the salmon scraps they had left behind.

What's this, another cub like himself?



Suddenly Nuka's mother smelled other bears coming along the shore. She thought they might hurt her cub. So she lowered her head to show that she was ready to protect him from any danger.

But when the other bears came closer, the mother grizzly realized that it was her own sister with a new cub. This was the first time Nuka had met his aunt and cousin.

The sisters let the cub cousins get acquainted. Then Nuka started running around his cousin, nipping her on the rump. She whirled around and off they dashed, playing "bear tag." They rolled and rough-housed in the snow until they both had snowy coats (**above left**).

Too soon for Nuka, the fun was over. His aunt nudged her cub away. Nuka watched (**below left**) as his aunt and cousin loped off into the woods.

Nuka and his mother moved on too (**right**). They strolled along the shore until they were hungry again.

Before long, Nuka's mother waded out to fish for more salmon while he explored the shore. Neither of them had any idea that danger was just around the next bend.



Looks like it's time for some fun!





A big male! Can Nuka's mother fight him off?

Farther up the shore, a large male bear lay in the snow (**left**). He had spent the summer roaming through the mountains feeding on grasses, berries, and roots. But this morning he had wandered down to Naknek Lake, hungry for salmon. After a filling meal, he was resting quietly at the water's edge.

Now the male could smell the odor of another bear—probably a young one. He began running toward the scent.

Nuka could sense danger but didn't know where or what it was. Suddenly, he saw the large, strange bear coming right at him. *Yikes!*

Nuka's mother had taught him to beware of strangers. Bawling in fear, Nuka ran as fast as he could along the shore toward her. But it wasn't fast enough. The big bear was gaining on him.

Nuka's mother heard her cub's cries and rushed out of the water. She would fight, if necessary, to protect him.

She faced the stranger, and he swatted a big paw in her direction. She roared and bared her teeth (**below**). Little Nuka crouched behind a piece of driftwood a few steps away, unsure and afraid.

Slowly the big bears circled each other. The brave mother

continued to roar and clack her jaws, looking directly at the large male. With her body and voice, she was saying to the stranger: "I'm tough and I'm angry!"

The male bear turned his head to the side. This signaled that he was not ready to tangle with an angry mother. Then he walked away, still growling in low tones.

Nuka's mother watched the stranger leave. It had been a close call—he might have hurt or even killed Nuka. But her body had spoken a silent language to the big male: "Get out of here, and don't bother us again!"



Off Nuka goes to sleep the winter away.



Wintery weather comes early to Alaska. Snow began to pile up in October and cold air filled the valley of Naknek Lake. Nuka (**above**) followed his mother up the mountainside. There, she dug a den underneath the roots of a giant spruce tree.

Nuka had learned many new things in his first year. But now it was time for a long sleep in the cozy mountainside den high above Naknek Lake. 🐻

MORE ABOUT GRIZZLIES IN WINTER

- During the winter, food for grizzlies is scarce, so they go into a deep sleep in their dens for five to six months.
- Adult grizzlies don't eat, drink, or "go to the bathroom" during this long sleep. How they can survive without doing so is a mystery to scientists.
- Grizzlies often make a den underneath the roots of a large tree. The den is about the size

of a sandbox and just a little taller than a bear standing on all four feet.

- Cubs are born in their dens in January or February. At birth, a cub weighs about a pound (500 g). It is blind, deaf, and nearly naked. So it snuggles into its mother's cozy coat. There it stays, living on her milk until spring comes to grizzly country.

GRIZZLY GROANERS

by Mary Grace Dembeck

Who was the most famous grizzly lawyer? **BEARy Mason.**

What do you get if you cross a grizzly bear and King Kong? **A bear that goes ape.**

Who left a quarter under Baby Bear's pillow? **The tooth BEARy.**

What has twelve paws, a broken seat, and two flat tires? **Three bears on a bicycle.**

Which is the scariest bear? **Winnie the BOO!**

Which grizzly bear could have been president? **Abe-BEAR-ham Lincoln.**

What did the bear weather forecast call for? **Skies that were cloudy and GRIZZLY.**

What kind of car might a grizzly drive? **A SuBEARu.**

What do you call a toothless grizzly? **A gummi bear.**

What do you get if you cross a grizzly bear and Godzilla? **I don't know—but if it knocks on your door, don't answer!**

Where is Nuka heading now that winter is coming? You'll see if you complete each bear fact correctly. Each right answer leads you down the path to the next bear fact until you reach the end.



A newborn grizzly is about as big as an adult



gray squirrel



wolf



gerbil

THE BEAR FACTS



CUBBY'S CUT-OUTS



1

Poor Cubby Bear! Someone cut up six of the pictures in his photo album. He has found all of the pieces, but now he has to figure out where they belong. Can you help Cubby patch up the pictures by matching the number of each piece to the letter in each correct picture? The answers are at the bottom of page 30.



2



3



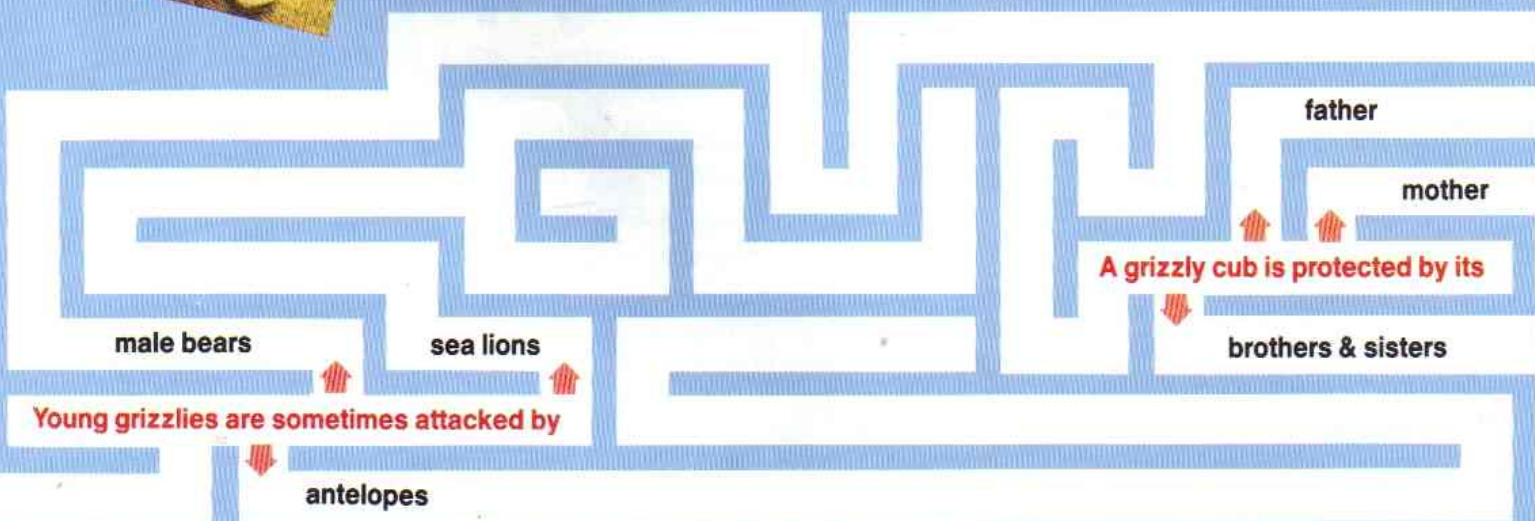
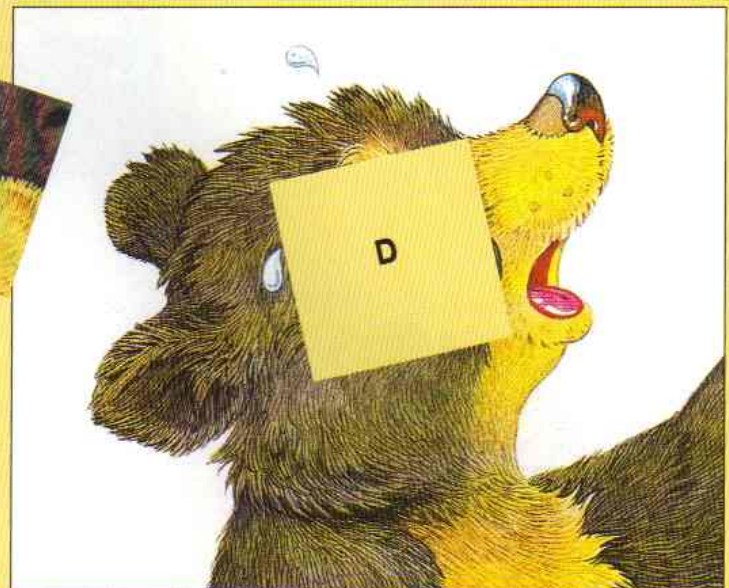
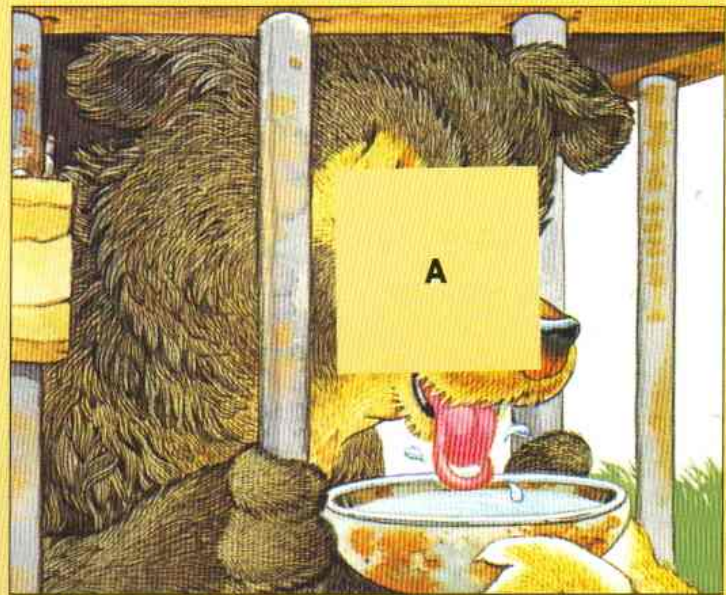
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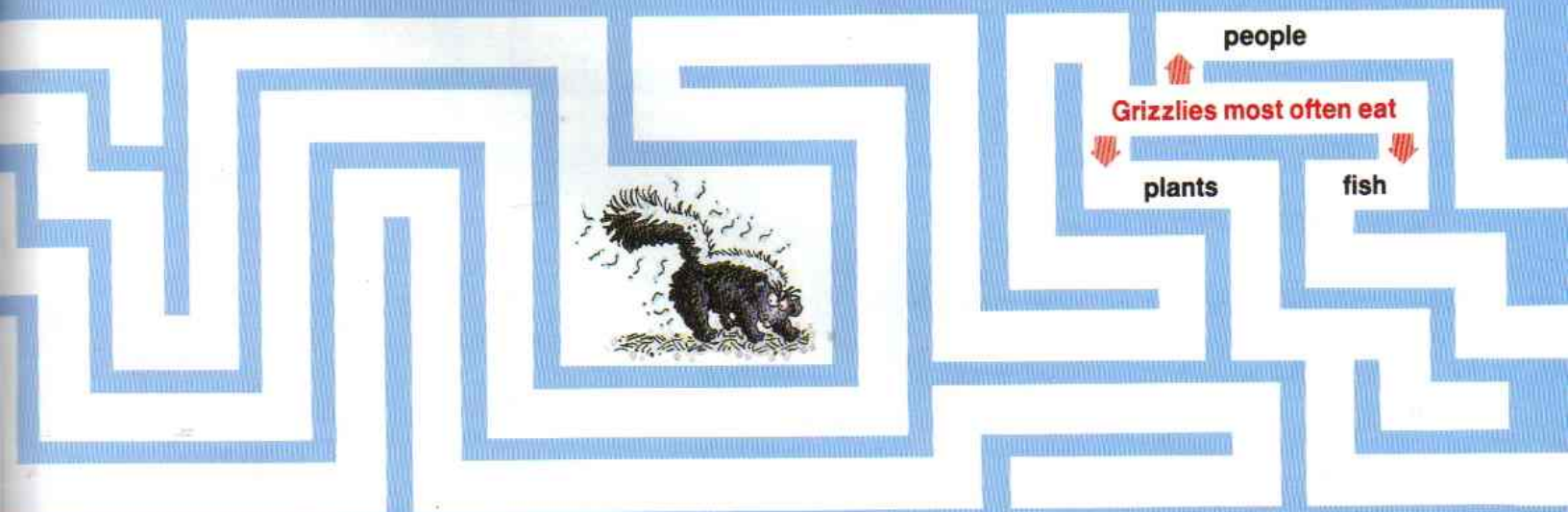
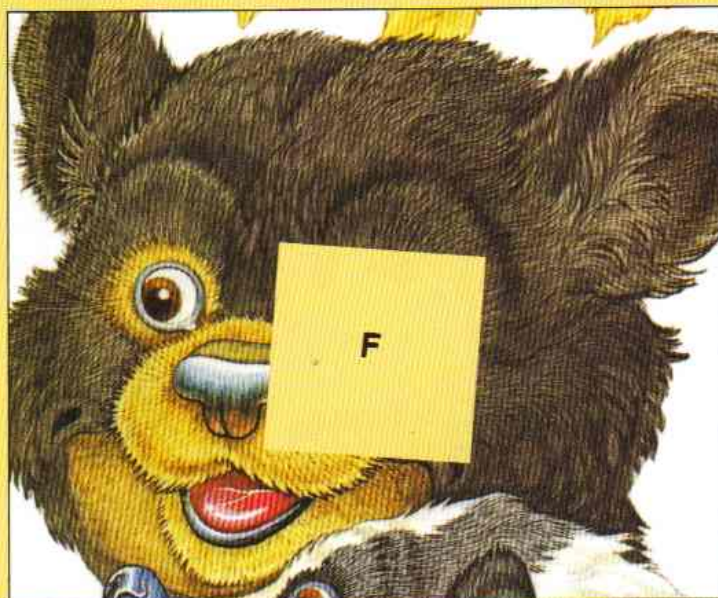
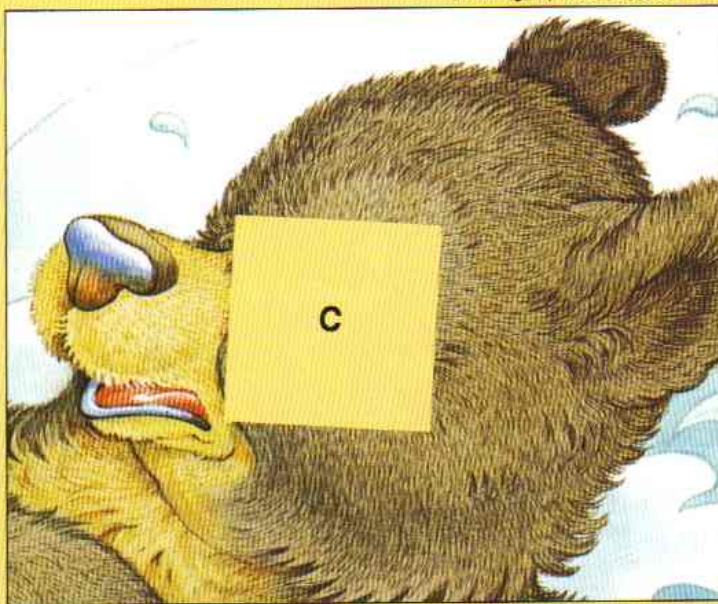


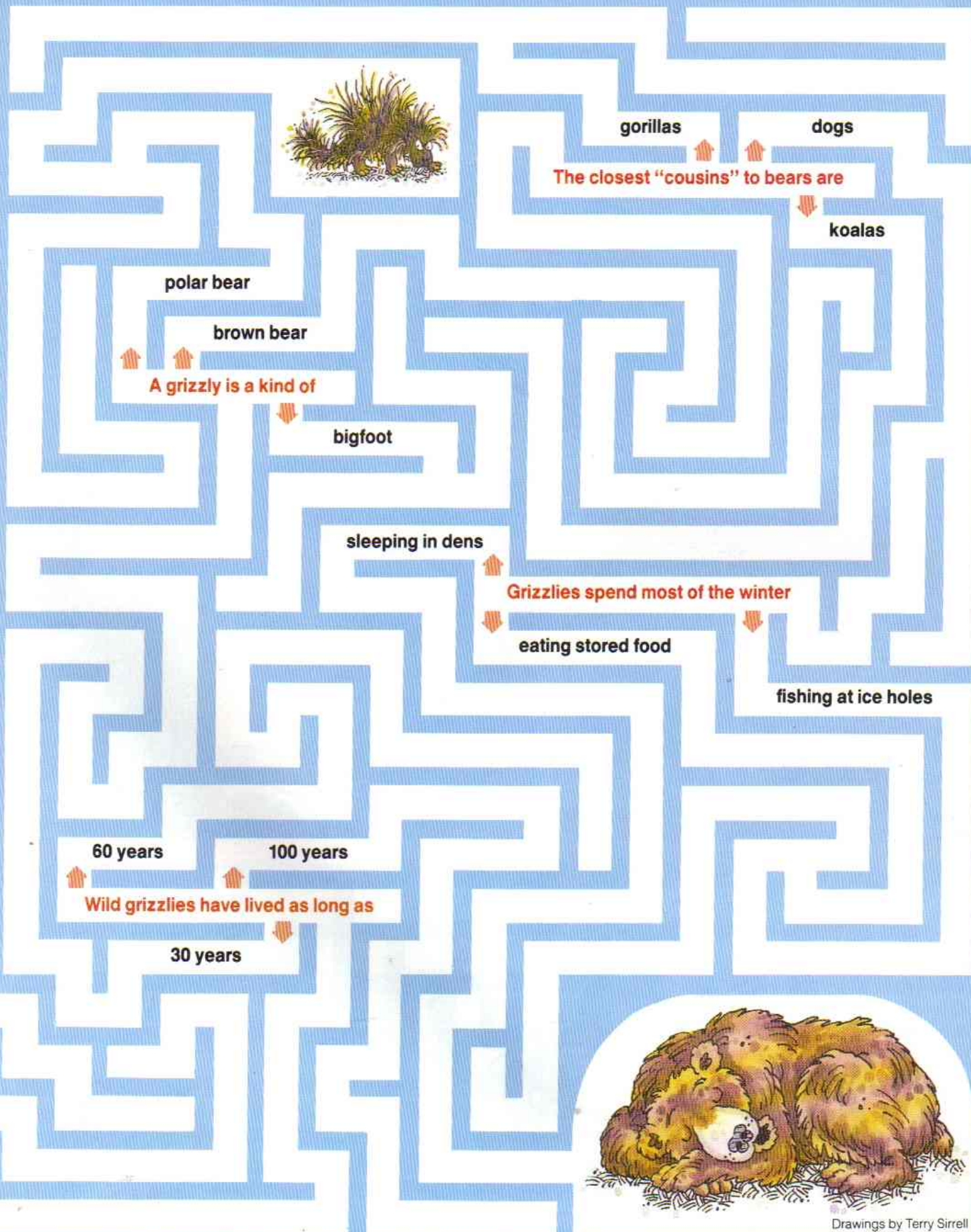
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6







Drawings by Terry Sirrell

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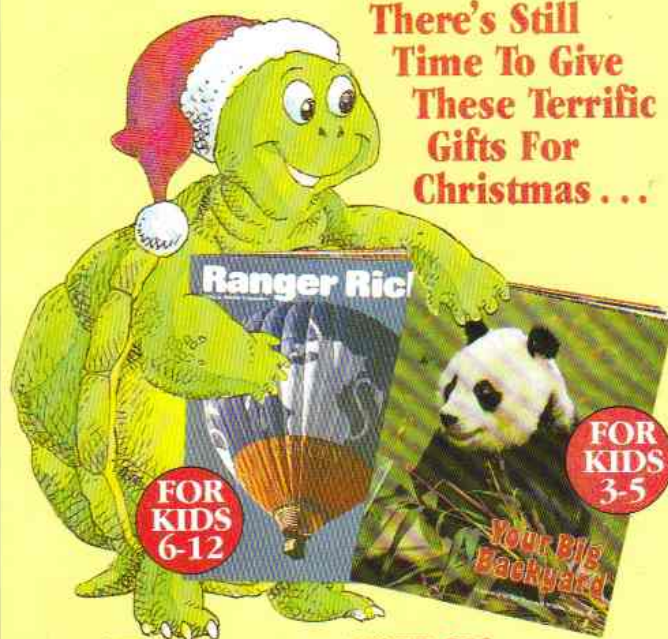
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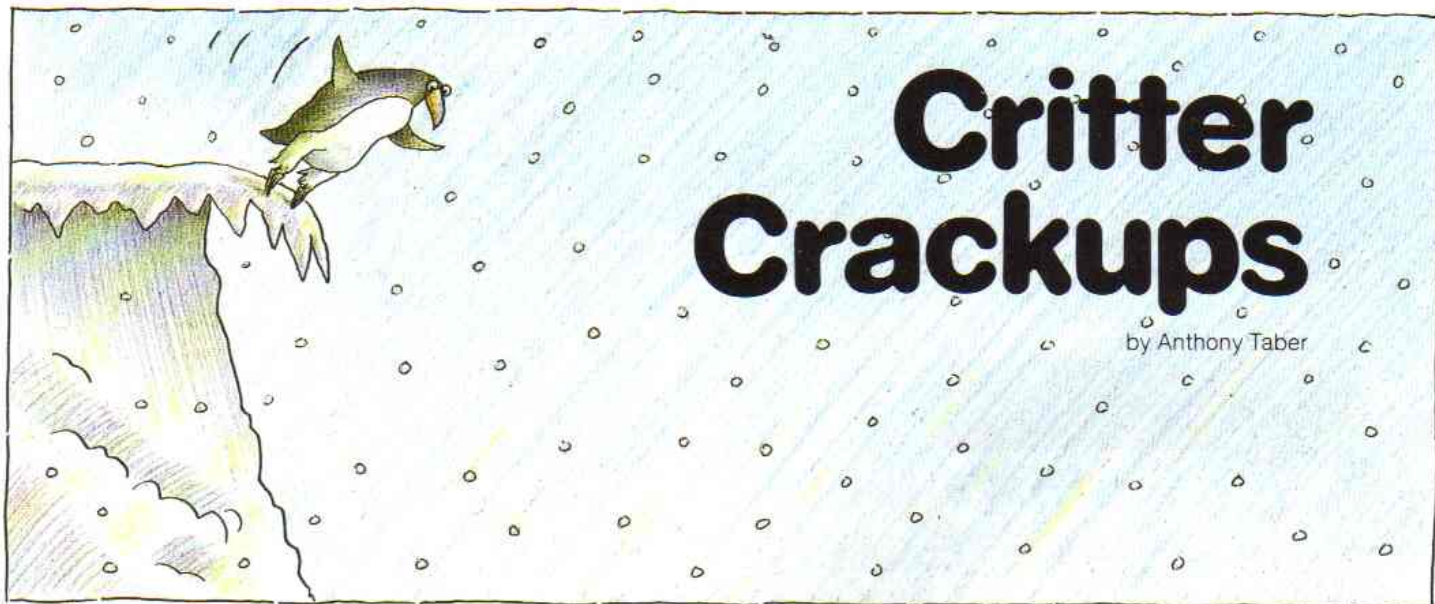
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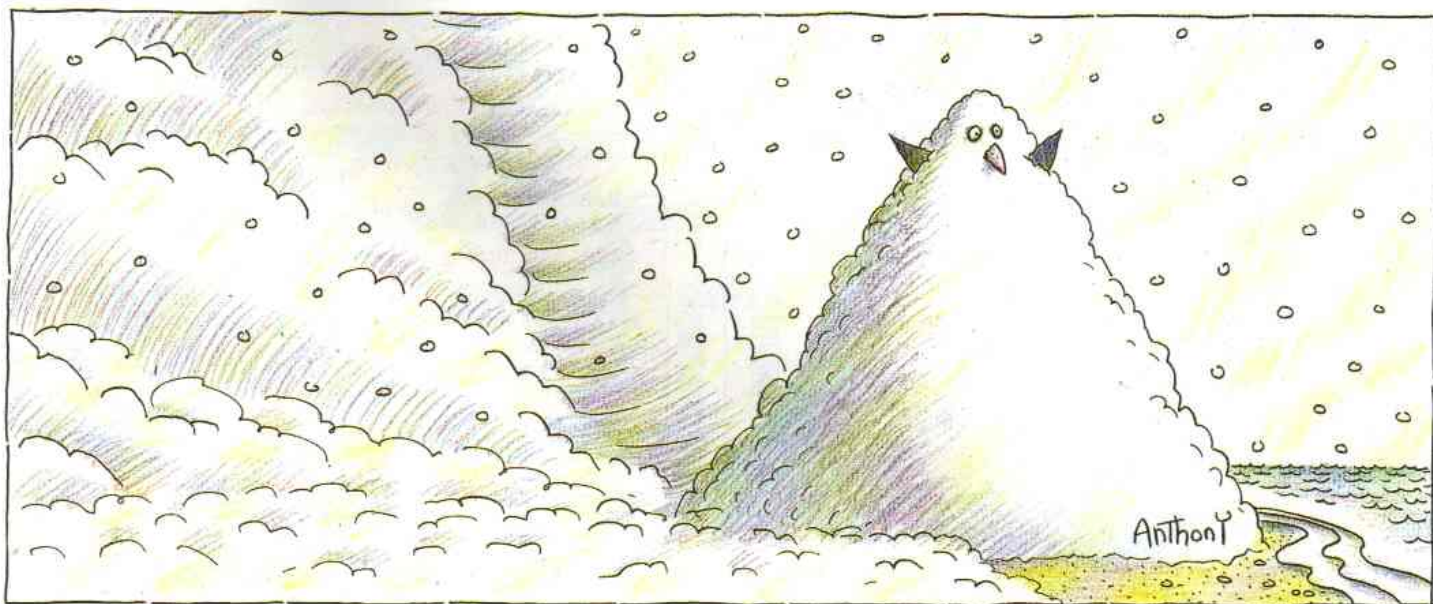
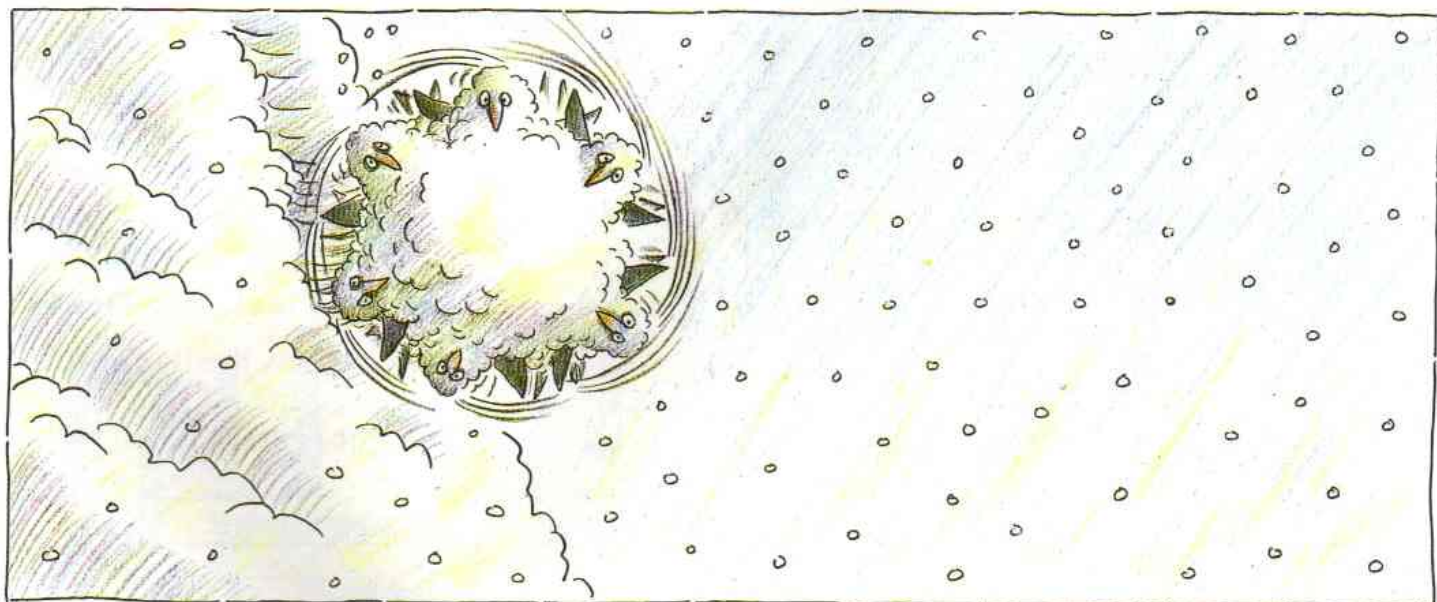
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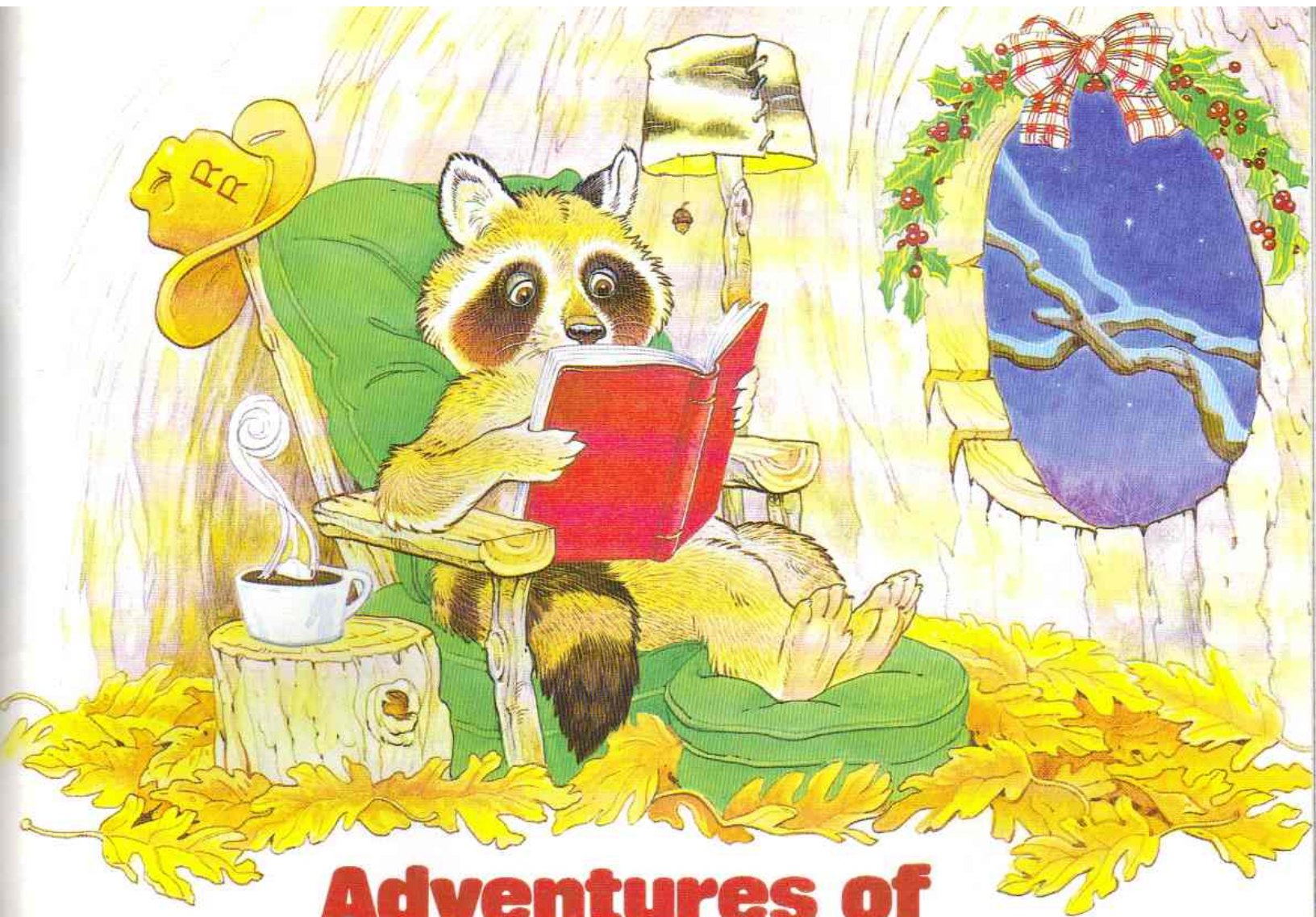


Critter Crackups

by Anthony Taber



Anthony



Adventures of Ranger Rick

by Lee Stowell Cullen; drawings by Alton Langford

Ranger Rick Raccoon stomped along a snowy path in Deep Green Wood. He was frowning, and every now and then he let out a little sigh. "What a mess!" he muttered.

"Talking to yourself, Rick?" asked Scarlett Fox as she walked toward her friend.

"No!" snapped Rick. "I've just been down near Shady Pond, and do you know what's happened there? It's disgusting! There's a thick oil slick on it. And don't ask me about the trash, either!" he added.

"Good grief, Rick," said Scarlett, "we've

cleaned up before. We can do it again."

"What's the use?" said Rick, tugging his hat lower on his forehead. "Every time we do something right it gets messed up! I give up. I'm going to go back to my den and *forget* the world. So don't bother me!" He marched off, kicking at the snow.

When Rick reached his den, he brushed the snow from his hat. Then he settled down and picked up his copy of Charles Dickens' book, *A Christmas Carol*. "Might as well read something that doesn't have anything to do with

trash or pollution!" he mumbled.

He started to read and soon forgot about the mess at Shady Pond. After a while his head began to nod. In moments he was asleep.

When Rick woke up it was rather dark inside the den. As he reached to turn on the lamp, a shimmering, white shadow drifted inside. Rick looked up in fright. "Who are you?" the raccoon whispered.

The shadow moved closer. "Come with me," it said. "I will show you who I am."

"But . . . but I can't float the way you can," said Rick in a small voice. "You're not even touching the ground!"

"You will see. You need not worry. Come," said the ghostly shadow.

Before Rick could say another word, out of the den and high into the evening sky he and the ghostly creature sailed. Rick was far too frightened to look down. He was trembling from the top of his hat to the tip of his tail.

"Where are we going?" asked Rick.

"Look down," his companion said. "What do you see beneath you?"

Rick took a deep breath and forced himself to look. "I see a beautiful, green, peaceful scene!" he exclaimed. Below him were shadowy forests and sunny meadows. A clear stream flowed into a sparkling lake.

"Haven't I seen that lake before?" asked Rick. "It looks familiar."

"Come," said the shadow, "let's take a closer look at it."

Nearer to the scene, Rick noticed that there were otters swimming and catching fish in the lake. Beavers were busily cutting trees and building a lodge. Around the lake Rick saw many other animals feeding or resting.

Suddenly Rick knew who the shadow was. "You're the Ghost of the Clean, Green Past!" he cried.

"That's right, Rick. This is the way things once looked a long time ago. Pretty, isn't it?"



"But what happened?" Rick exclaimed. "It sure isn't like that now!"

"No," said the shadow sadly. "Things have changed. Good things come and good things go, as I must do now. You have seen how things used to be. Good-bye."

"Wait!" shouted Rick, putting out a paw to stop the ghost. But the shadow had melted away. Suddenly Rick was back in his den. "I must have been dreaming," he said.

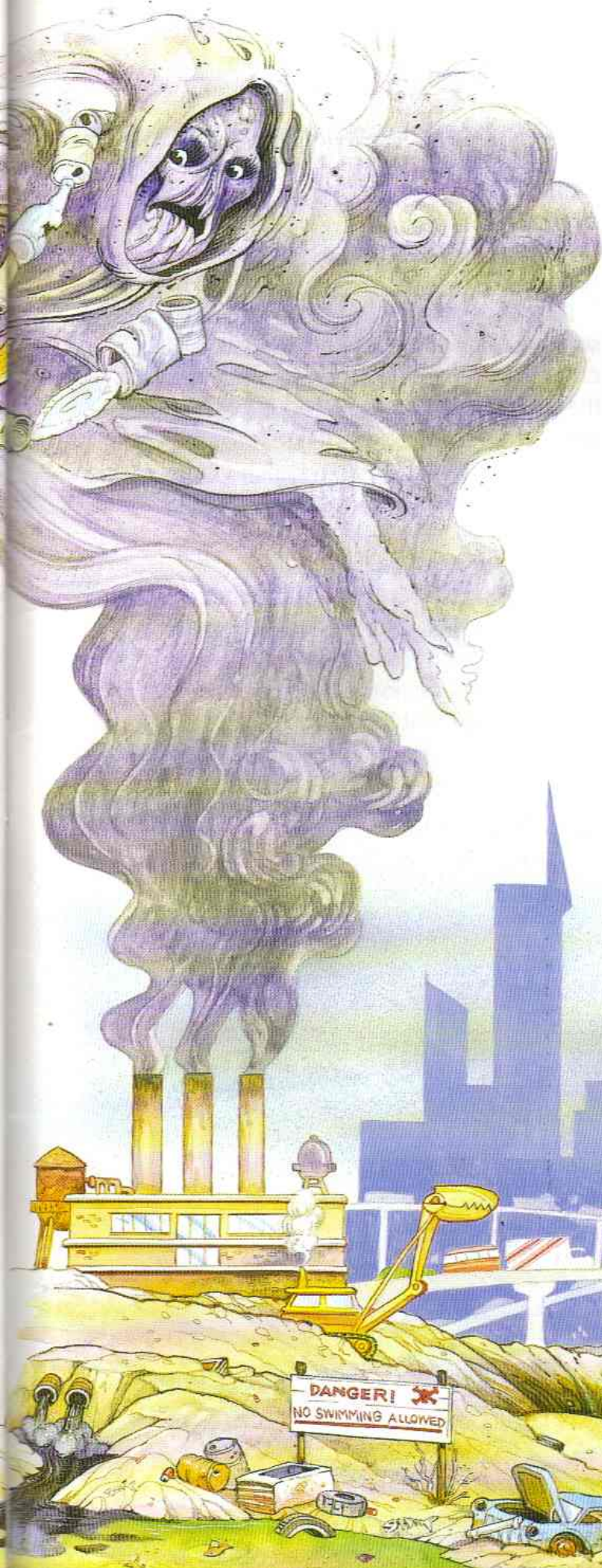
"No, Rick. You were not dreaming," said a strange new voice.

Rick looked up, and to his amazement another shadow had drifted into his den. It looked dingy and gray, and around its neck hung a heavy chain. The chain was made of bent cans, cracked bottles, and plastic cups and plates. A cloud of soot and dust drifted around this shadow. And when the thing moved, its chain made a terrible clanking noise.

"Come, Rick," the new shadow said. "There is more to see."

Once again Rick found himself floating over an area that looked familiar. Then he saw the





lake. But it was not clear and clean as it had been before. It was cruddy and muddy, and a thick green scum grew along its edges. Dead fish floated belly-up on the surface and a big sign read, "Danger! No swimming allowed!"

Instead of the forest and meadows, there was a big open pit. Coal was being dug from the ground and dumped into trucks. The streets of a nearby town were filled with cars, and a thick haze hung over everything. A large factory spewed pollution into the air and dumped more into the stream. Trash covered the playgrounds and spilled out of uncovered cans and torn plastic bags.

Rick turned to the shadow. "You're the Ghost of the Polluted Present," he whispered.

"That's right, Rick. This is the place you saw before. It's changed, hasn't it?"

"For the *worse!*" exclaimed Rick. "And there's no hope of its getting any better. People just don't care. Oh sure, they have all kinds of pollution laws. But nobody makes them work or believes in them. What's the use?"

"I can't answer that," said the shadow. "I can only show you how it is today. Good-bye, Rick. I'm sorry for your animal friends who once lived here. They're gone now. But

perhaps in time they'll . . ." The voice trailed off and the spirit disappeared.

Back in his den, Rick couldn't shake off the memory of what the Ghost of the Polluted Present had shown him. *I was right*, he thought. *It's hopeless. People just don't seem to care.* He tore off his hat and threw it angrily to the floor.

"Pick up your hat, Rick," said yet another strange voice. "You have one more trip to make before the day is through. Come along," this new spirit said.

No longer frightened by the strange happenings, Rick floated up beside the ghost. This one was different from the others. It was not as white as the Ghost of the Clean, Green Past. Nor was it as dingy and gray as the Ghost of the

Polluted Present. It was somewhere in between.

"I can't stop you from taking me along," said Rick. "But I don't see what good it will do. I've seen enough. Besides, it's too late in the day."

"Hush," said the shadow. "Just relax, and look down there, below you."

Rick's mouth flew open. There were the little stream and the lake. Both looked almost as clear as the first time he'd seen them. Gone was the trash in the playgrounds. Lots of bicycles and fewer cars were moving on the streets. And there was no sign of the gray cloud that had hung over the community. The sidewalks and yards were shaded with beautiful trees. Flowers and vegetables grew in neat little gardens near the houses. Solar heat collectors on the houses' roofs gleamed in the sun. And the factory,



while as busy as before, no longer polluted the air and the water.

Suddenly Rick saw something that made his heart beat faster. The coal mine had been filled in, and the forest and meadows had been replanted! He could see many animals scurrying about. And he heard birds singing again.

Then it came to him. "You're the Ghost of the Hopeful Future, aren't you?"

"I am," said the shadow, and it seemed to Rick there was a smile on its misty face.

"Then something *can* be done!" Rick shouted. "We *can* get rid of most of our pollution. People *can* live well and conserve wild things at the same time!" He reached out to hug the shadow, but, like the others, it disappeared.

Suddenly Rick landed flat on his back in the pile of leaves on the floor of his den.

Confused, he shook himself and stood up. He looked around and found that everything was just as it had been before. Nothing had

changed. Nothing, that is, except Rick himself.

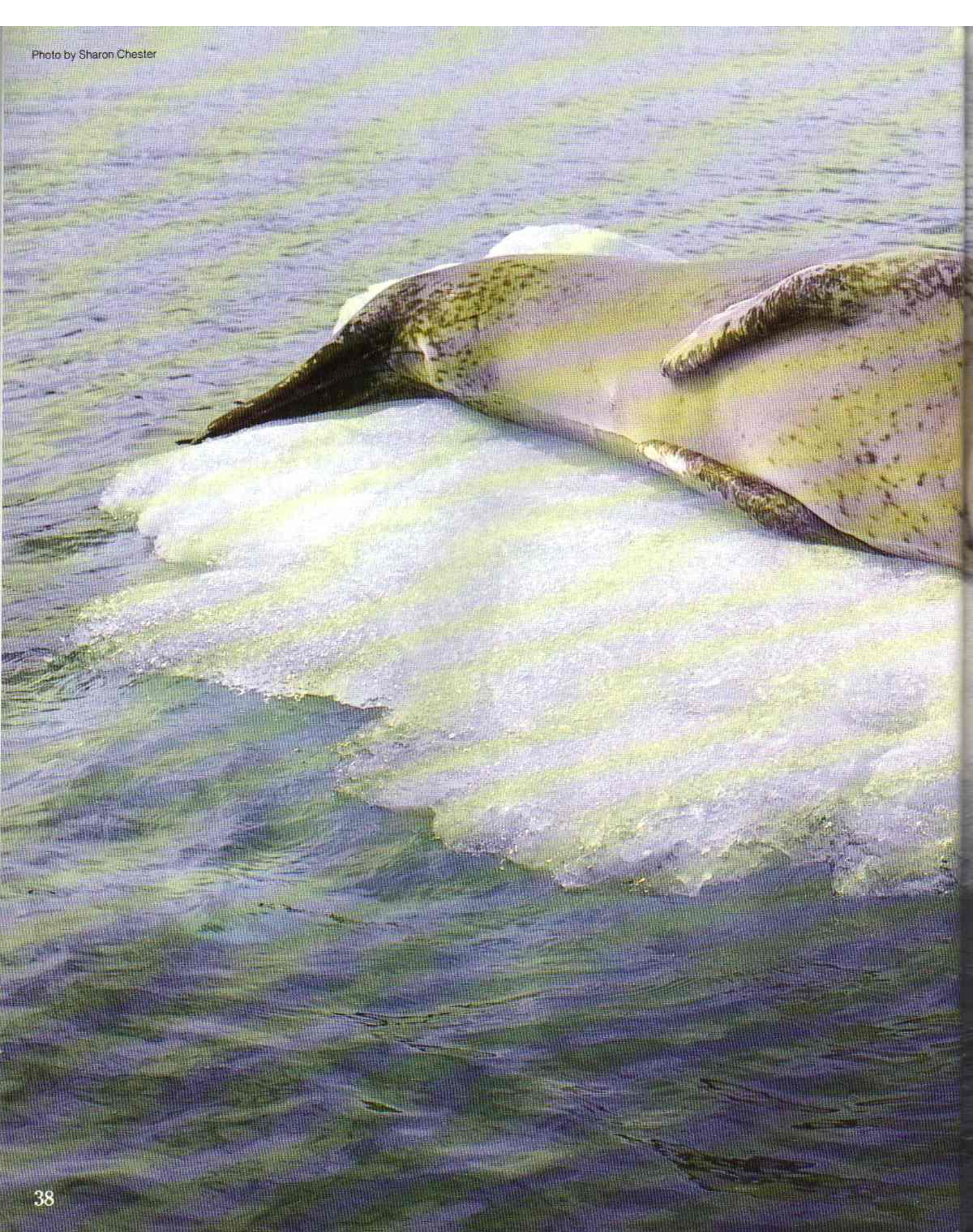
"Boy," Rick said aloud. "You're some dumb raccoon! How could you forget all the people who *do* care? How could you forget your hardworking friends and busy rangers? Why should *you* give up when they haven't? We can make things better. I *know* it."

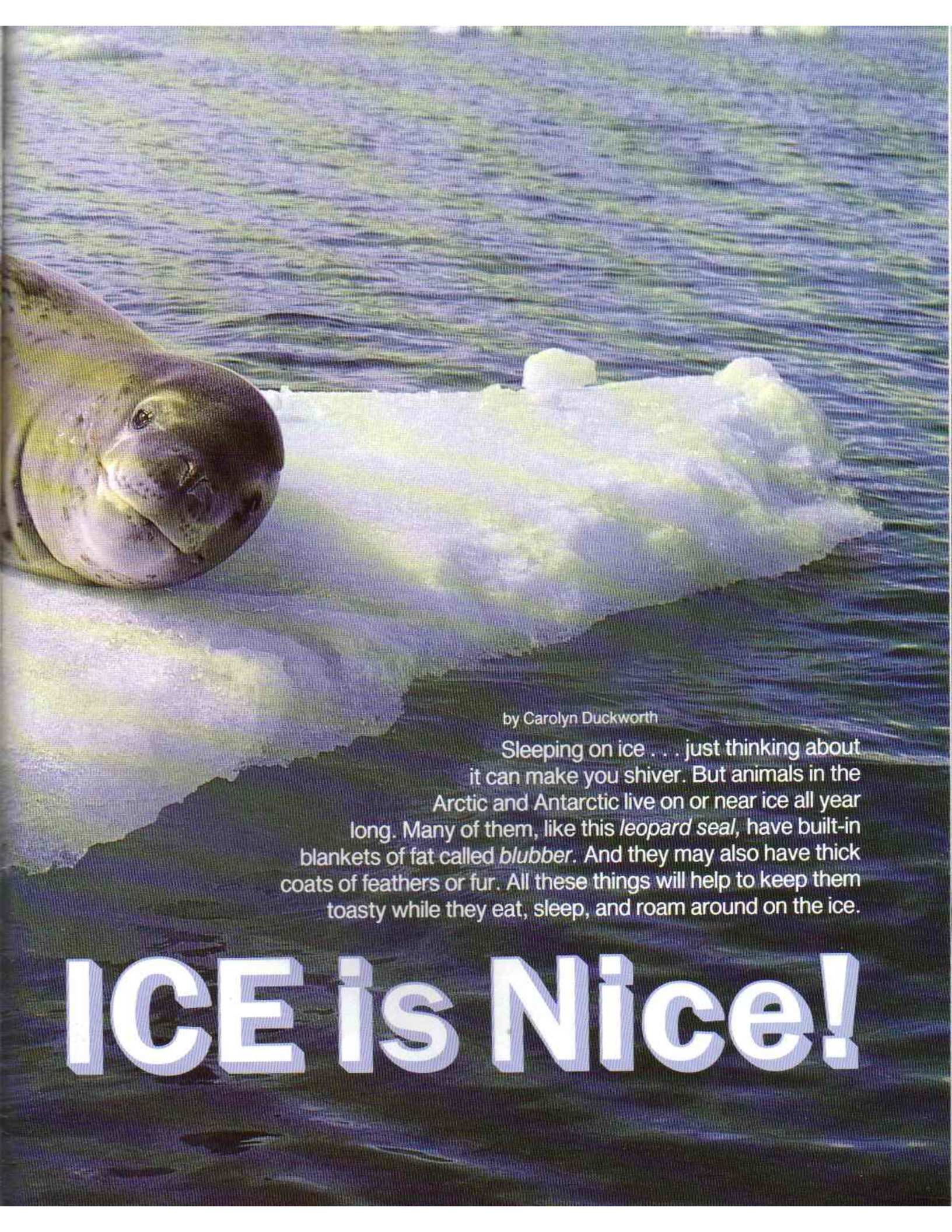
"Talking to yourself again, Rick?" said Scarlett Fox, poking her head inside the den.

"I am, Scarlett, and I'll tell *you* what I just told *me*! There's a clean, bright future ahead for all of us. There are millions of kids and grown-ups who are working now—and who will *keep* working—to help this old world! Yes, ol' pal! And I," he added, "was stupid enough to think we didn't stand a 'ghost' of a chance!" 🐾

Rangers: What can be done to help wildlife and clean up our environment? See "Kids Can Help" in the April 1988 issue of *Ranger Rick*. You can also write to "You Can Do It!" Dept. HH, National Wildlife Federation, 8925 Leesburg Pike, Vienna, VA 22184-0001. R.R.







by Carolyn Duckworth

Sleeping on ice . . . just thinking about it can make you shiver. But animals in the Arctic and Antarctic live on or near ice all year long. Many of them, like this *leopard seal*, have built-in blankets of fat called *blubber*. And they may also have thick coats of feathers or fur. All these things will help to keep them toasty while they eat, sleep, and roam around on the ice.

ICE is Nice!

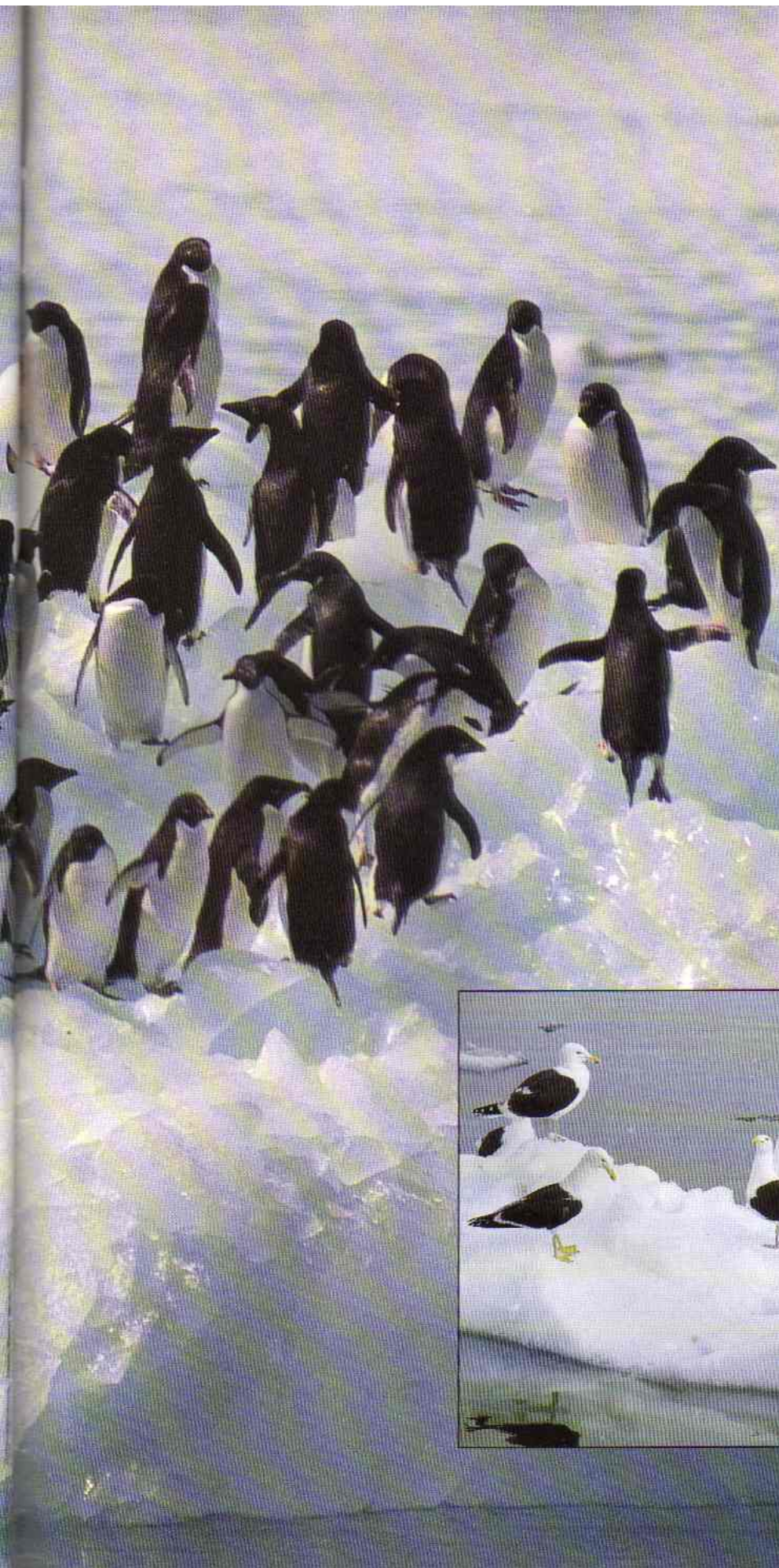


Riding and Resting

For animals that spend most of their lives in the water, ice is the perfect place to rest. These *Adélie* (uh-DAY-lee) penguins (**photo at left**) are crowded onto a chunk of ice called a *floe*. They may have hopped up on it to escape a hungry leopard seal.

In the summer, Adélies will sometimes ride a small iceberg for two or three weeks. During this time they are *molting*, or growing new feathers that push out the old ones. Until their new feathers grow in, the penguins have to stay out of the freezing cold water.

To *southern black-backed gulls* (**below**), a patch of ice is a great place to take a break. After they've rested, they fly off toward the shore of Antarctica. There the gulls will look for fish and other sea animals to eat.

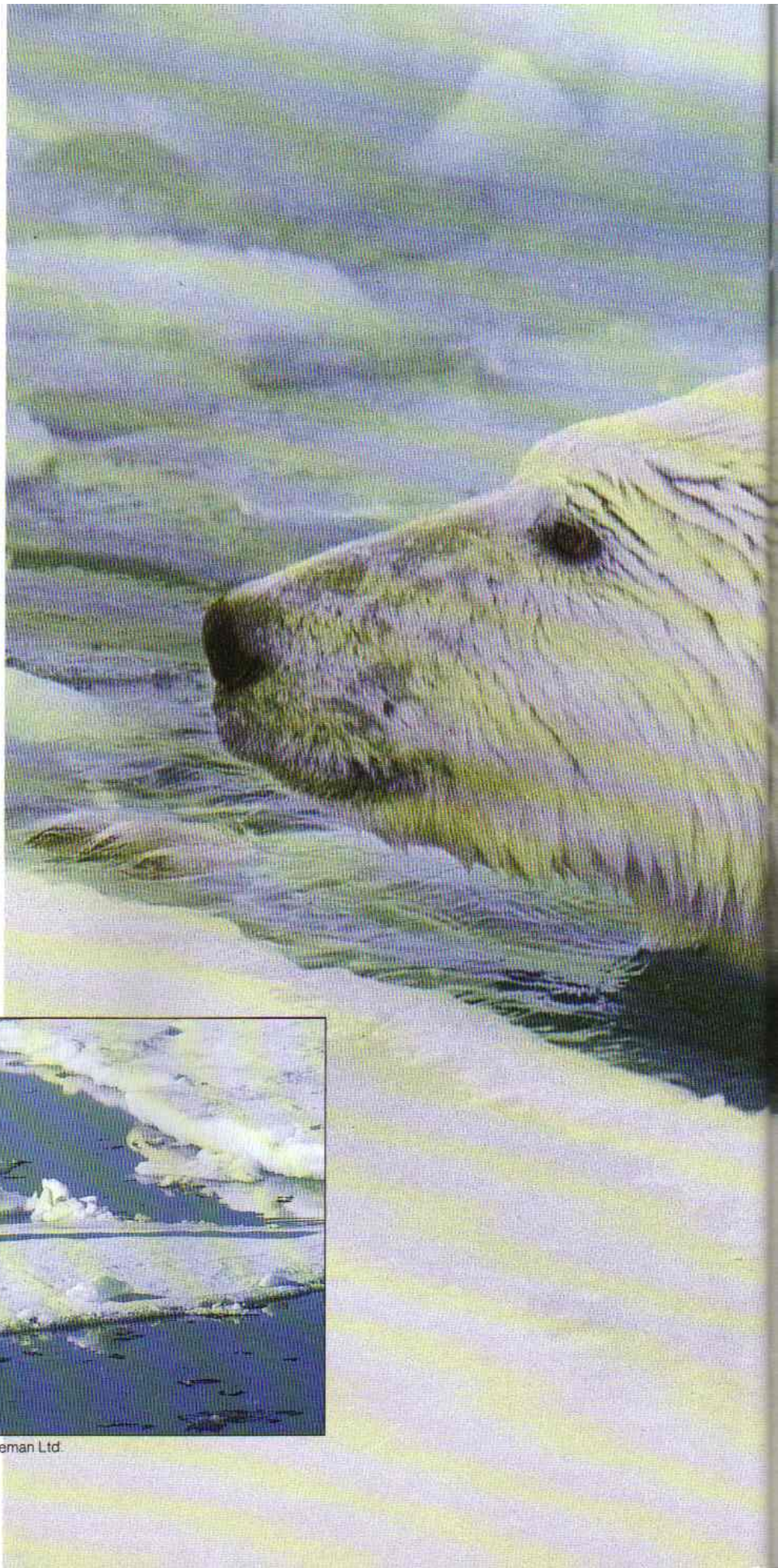


Photos by Francisco Erize/Bruce Coleman, Inc.; Wolfgang Kaehler

Raiding and Roaming

In the Arctic, a *polar bear* (**right and below**) may roam the ice searching for seals or young walruses to eat. If it spots a sleeping seal, the bear sneaks up close, then charges and grabs its prey. When it sees a group of walruses, it may slip into the water (**right**) and swim up to the ice where they are resting. Then, like a big white wave, the bear surges out of the water and races across the ice. The walruses scramble into the water to escape. But a youngster may fall behind—and become the polar bear's meal.

Even when the ice seems to be a solid sheet and no seals are in sight, the polar bear can usually find food. It will sit for hours beside a small hole in the ice—a hole where seals come up for air. When a seal surfaces to breathe, the bear



Photos by M.P. Harris; B. & C. Alexander/both Bruce Coleman Ltd.



snatches it out of the water and eats a seal meal.

During the long winter, female and young polar bears usually sleep in dens or ice caves. But male bears roam the ice all year. When a storm begins to blow, they just curl up on the ice and go to sleep. After the snow stops falling, the bears stand up, shake themselves—and start roaming and raiding again.

Cruising and Snoozing

When spring comes to the Arctic, walrus and ice are on the move—together. Ocean currents sweep ice floes to the north. The floes can move up to 24 miles (40 km) a day. Some walrus also head north to their summer homes. If the ice is moving their way, they'll cruise along on the fast-

moving floes.

During the summer, walrus hang out on the ice for days at a time (**below**). They lie side by side and snooze. Then they all slide into the water and spend three or four days looking for clams and other shellfish to eat.

Walrus are born right on the ice. The newborns have only a little bit of blubber and need to be protected from the



cold. So mothers use their big bodies to block the wind (right). By summer's end, the young walrus will be strong enough to survive the trip to their winter homes.

Walrus may never crawl up on dry land. But that's fine for them and other animals that live in the Arctic and Antarctic. After all, ice can be quite a nice place for a meal, a snooze, or a stroll. 🐻



Who-o-o Knows?



Dear Wise Old Owl, **Are holly berries poisonous?**

Josh Hancock; Conyers, GA

Yes, holly berries are poisonous to you and all humans, Josh. So you should *never, ever* eat one. They are also poisonous to cats and dogs. But they aren't poisonous to wild birds. I have often seen robins, mockingbirds, and cedar waxwings eating them, especially in late winter and early spring. Most other kinds of berries have fallen off the trees and bushes by then.

What happens to butterflies in winter?

Chelsea Cada; Colville, WA

A few kinds of butterflies escape the cold weather by migrating to warmer places. The monarch butterfly is a famous migrator. Some monarchs fly all the way from Canada to Mexico—that's more than 2000 miles (3200 km).

Other butterflies, such as

the mourning cloak and the red admiral, may hibernate as adults. But most butterflies live as adults for only a few weeks in the summer. They die soon after they mate and lay their eggs. Most of the butterflies you see in the summer spent the winter as eggs, as pupae, or as caterpillars.

Why are some parts of the world cold all of the time and some parts always hot?

Denise Mellinger; Orange Walk, Belize

Near the North Pole and near the South Pole, the sun's rays hit the earth at a slant. The earth picks up less heat from slanted rays than it does from direct rays. So even the hottest days are cool there.

In the parts of the world near the equator, the sun shines almost straight down. The sun's direct rays make it hot there all year round.

Also, some parts of the world

are much higher than others. The higher you go, the more the air *expands* or spreads out. This thin air can't soak up and hold much heat from the sun. That's why it's always cooler in high mountains.

How are icebergs formed?

Lynda Slater; Muskegon, MI

Icebergs begin when snow falls in the Far North, in Antarctica, and in high mountains. It's so cold in these places that most of the snow never melts. It just piles up and turns to huge sheets of ice called *glaciers*. Some glaciers move slowly to the sea. There chunks of the glaciers snap off and become icebergs.

When you see a picture of an iceberg, you are seeing just its tip. Only about one-seventh of an iceberg is above the water's surface. The tallest one ever reported was about as tall as the Washington Monument. That means there was a block of ice as tall as six Washington Monuments *under* the water!

How does a frog breathe if it hibernates underwater all winter?

Aeron Shaw; Bartlesville, OK

Through its skin! Some oxygen in the water passes through the frog's skin into its body. The frog's body works slowly when it's hibernating. So it doesn't take much oxygen to keep the frog alive. W.O.O.

Good-bye '88



Hello '89

These butterflies live in South and Central America. And they get their names from the patterns on their wings. Above, an "88" takes off. Do you think it knows its year is coming to an end? At right, an "89" waits on a rock. Go ahead, tell it the good news—its year is about to begin!



Photos by Stephen Dalton/NHPA

On the front cover, a huge
wooden frog hops to life on
a carousel. But the inch-long
frog shown here is even more
amazing. It's a dart-poison frog
from the jungles of South
America. Its bright colors
warn enemies, "Don't
eat me—I'm deadly
poisonous!"

